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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XL. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903. NO. 38

WE WIN TWO AND LOSE THREE

An Awful Slump in Base Ball Enthusiasm in Smethport,

SOMETHING IS RADICALLY WRONG.

Austin Takes Two—Split Even With Port Allegany—Bolivar Trimmed Other Games.

Something has gone radically wrong with the Smethport team this week. Last Friday and Saturday we were playing good ball and won two games easily. This week we have lost three in succession and all were decisive drubbings.

AUSTIN 23; SMETHPORT 0.

Another wretched exhibition of the national game, such as only the Smethport team is capable of occasionally perpetrating, was pulled off at Kane field on Monday. And it was a league game, too. Our players, like the girl with a curl in the nursery rhyme, when they are bad are exerably horrid. In seven innings they collectively accumulated thirteen large, juicy errors. Even the Buffalo Eastern league team by its most strenuous efforts could have done no worse. A deep, dark cloud now obscures the roseate vision heretofore held of seeing the league pennant unfurl its graceful folds to the evening breeze o'er Kane field, our only consolation now being that there will be at least four others.

Austin was the opposing team and the demoniacal viciousness with which they swatted the ball and the reckless abandon in which they galloped around the bases was unladylike, to say the least. In six innings they knocked two pitchers out of the box, which, coupled with the exquisitingly painful fielding of the home team and the severe attack of strabismus suffered by Umpire Norton combined to make the occasion anything but an enjoyable one. Out of respect for the feelings of the faithful fans we refrain from a more extended account of the disaster, and it is with a deep feeling of sorrow that we append the following tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, cf	4	0	1	2	1	0
Tull, 3d	4	0	0	2	2	0
Keefer, 1st	4	0	1	15	0	2
Servatius, lf-p	4	0	1	2	0	1
Bell, ss	2	1	0	1	0	2
Andrews, rf	3	0	1	1	0	1
Studholme, 2d	3	0	1	1	1	3
Flohr, c	4	0	0	7	1	2
Chapin, p	2	1	0	0	2	0
Denning, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	0	3	21	6	12

Austin	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	2	2	0	2	0	0
McNamara, 2d	6	2	1	0	3	0
Gehm, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0
Genther, 1st	5	3	2	7	1	1
F. Swain, 3d	5	3	2	1	0	1
Mornin, c	3	1	1	7	0	0
Sinex, ss	4	3	1	2	2	0
Benjamin, 2d	1	1	0	0	0	0
Kirwan, rf-p	4	3	3	0	0	0
Maley, p	4	2	1	1	2	1
Total	41	23	17	20*	8	3

*Servatius out for running out of line.

By innings:
Smethport 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 2—6
Austin 4 0 0 4 12 2 0—23

Innings pitched—Chapin 4½, Servatius 1½.
Hits off Chapin 11, Servatius 6, Maley 7, Kirwan 1, Tull 0.
Bases on balls—off Chapin 2, off Maley 3, off Kirwan 2.
Hit by pitcher—Chapin 2.
Two base hits—Andrews, Sinex, Benjamin.
Sacrifice hits—Keefer 2.
Struck out—by Chapin 2, by Servatius 3, by Tull 1, by Maley 7.
Wild pitches—Servatius 1, Maley 1.
Passed balls—Flohr 3, Mornin 2.
Double plays—Keefer unassisted, Sinex to Genther.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

SMETHPORT 4; BOLIVAR 1.

Our team defeated Bolivar in a very pretty exhibition at Kane field last Friday afternoon by the above score. Nelson pitched for the visitors and Chapin occupied the same position for the home team, both doing excellent work.

The first scores made were by our team in the fourth inning, when Keefer singled, stole second, took third on an error of Flohr's grounder to short, Flohr stole second and both scored on Andrews hit. In the eighth we got two more on a combination of errors.

The visitors scored their run in the ninth. Miles singled, stole second, went to third on a passed ball and scored on Peters' hit.

Following is the tabulated score:

BOLIVAR	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Penfield, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Kennedy, 2d	4	0	0	2	2	0
Jordan, 1st	4	0	1	3	0	0
Miles, ss	4	1	2	1	2	2
McFall, cf	3	0	0	1	0	1
Peters, c	4	0	2	7	1	0
Jessup, 3d	4	0	0	1	1	0
Irsley, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Nelson, p	4	0	0	0	5	1
Total	35	1	6	24	9	4

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, ss	4	0	1	0	1	0
Tull, 3b	3	1	0	0	1	1
Keefer, 1st	4	2	1	11	1	1
Servatius, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Flohr, c	4	1	1	11	2	0
Studholme, 2b	2	0	1	2	3	1
Andrews, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Denning, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Chapin, p	3	0	0	1	5	0
Totals	30	4	6	27	13	3

By innings:
Bolivar 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Smethport 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 *—4

Stolen bases—Miles 2, Keefer, Flohr.
Bases on balls—off Chapin 1.
Struck out—by Chapin 11, by Nelson 1.
Passed balls—Flohr 2, Peters 1.
Time of game—1:30.
Umpire—T. J. Young.

SMETHPORT 8; PORT ALLEGANY 2.

Smethport sort of evened up with Port Allegany Saturday afternoon at Kane field by defeating their team by the above score in a well played game. Several pretty plays on both sides along with some good stick work and fast base running made this one-sided game very interesting from start to finish.

Neither team scored until the fourth inning when Keefer and Servatius singled, each stole a base, Flohr drew four bad ones, Keefer scored and the others advanced on a wild pitch and Lynch's error on Aldrews' grounder scored two more.

In the sixth Styles hit for three bags and scored on Julius' single; and for us Studholme scored on a base on balls, a steal, an error and a hit. We scored another in the seventh on McCabe's two bagger, a passed ball and Keefer's infield hit; and in the eighth three more were added to the list by hard hitting and fast base running aided by a base on balls. Julius landed a home run in the ninth and the game ended with a hit to pitcher and McCabe's unassisted double play. The summary:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 3b	4	2	1	0	2	0
Tull, 2d	5	0	1	2	4	1
Keefer, 1st	5	1	2	14	0	1
Servatius, lf	5	1	3	3	0	0
Flohr, c	4	1	0	8	0	0
E. Studholme, 2d	2	1	0	1	3	0
Andrews, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Denning, cf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Fuller, p	3	1	1	0	4	0
Total	30	8	10	24	12	2

PORT ALLEGANY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2b	4	0	2	0	2	2
Culligan, ss	4	0	0	0	2	2
Styles, 1b	4	1	1	8	0	0
Julius, c	4	1	2	9	0	0
Lemon, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Regan, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Rogers, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Lynch, 3b	3	0	0	3	1	0
Bennett, p	0	0	0	0	4	0
Total	33	2	6	24	9	3

By innings:
Port Allegany 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—2
Smethport 0 0 0 3 0 1 1 3 *—8

Home run—Julius.
Three base hit—Styles.
Two base hit—McCabe.
Stolen bases—McCabe, Keefer, Servatius, Denning.
Double plays—Lynch to Styles, Tull to Keefer; McCabe unassisted.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 1, off Bennett 4.
Struck out—by Fuller 5, by Bennett 9.
Wild pitch—by Fuller 1, by Bennett 1.
Passed ball—Julius 1.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—T. J. Young.

FROGS 18; C. AND C. C. 9.

This is the estimated score of a burlesque on the national game pulled off at Kane field last Thursday afternoon between the Independent Order of Frogs and the Cracker and Cheese Club, two rival social orders of this place. A dark cloud in the west or something about the game drove the official scorer to the tall timber before the game was finished, and this coupled with the fact that we presided behind the bat and a wire cage for the losing team, makes a detailed write-up impossible.

In fact about all we can remember, after Supreme Congenial Reynolds led his gallant band to the field of honor, is that many sweltering Frogs leaped over the plate and we helped settle for the supper that night.

SKIMMINGS OF THE WHEY AND FROG POND.

The Supreme Congenial certainly can run bases. If the C. and C. C. had had a substitute like him the result would have been different.

Charley Brown catches a ball like a woman catches chickens.

"Bucky" Brownell is a veritable whirlwind at circling the bases. His applause from the grand stand was deafening.

A wild pitch sent Catcher Yerdon to the tall timber—to await new regalia.

Studholme may be all right for the league team but he is not fast enough for the C. and C. C.

TUXEDO CLUB ET AL. 18; FROGS ET AL. 8.

An exciting game of ball was played at Kane field Tuesday afternoon between teams from the Tuxedo Club and the Frogs. Neither organization could muster a full nine and outsiders were drawn. In the deal the Frogs got much the worst of the drawing and another game will be played by bonafide members for a banquet or some other valuable consideration in the near future. Following is the score:

FROGS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kidder, c-2b	6	6	1	5	0	5
H. Redfield, p	6	1	0	2	2	0
S. Redfield, 1st	3	1	1	7	0	0
Backus, 2b-c	3	1	2	7	0	1
Sasse, 3d	3	0	0	3	2	3
Walker, cf	1	1	1	0	0	1
Hamlin, ss-3d	4	1	1	0	2	1
McCoy, lf	5	0	1	1	1	0
Anderson, cf-ss	3	2	0	1	3	1
Purdick, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Hopper, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	40	6	7	26	7	12

TUXEDO	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
F. Purdie, c-p	6	2	4	12	6	1
Fred Purdie, 3d	1	0	0	0	0	1
Rubin, p	4	2	2	1	2	2
Morrison, 1st	4	2	1	8	0	1
Denning, 1st-c	2	0	0	1	0	0
Andrews, 2d	4	0	0	2	3	2
Brown, ss	4	0	0	0	0	1
Backus, ss	0	1	2	3	2	1
Elton, 2d-p-1b	4	2	0	1	1	0
Choate, lf	5	3	0	0	1	0
Koenig, cf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Brennan, cf	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gurlick, rf	5	0	1	0	0	0
Total	43	13	13	27	11	13

*Andrews out, running out of line.

By innings:
Frogs 0 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0—8
Tuxedo 3 7 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—13

Earned runs—Tuxedo 2, Frogs 1.
Struck out—by Rubin 8, Elton 1, Purdie 1, Redfield 6.
Two base hit—Andrews.
Passed balls—Kidder 3, Backus 1, Purdie 1.

AUSTIN 17; SMETHPORT 8.

After their trouncing Monday our aggregation of ball tossers went to Austin Tuesday and were defeated by the above score. We are pleased to note that we are unable to get the tabulated score.

PORT ALLEGANY 9; SMETHPORT 3.

Coming down from Austin Wednesday our boys stopped off at Port Allegany and dandled with the sphere with the above disasterous result. Further comment is unnecessary.

Why Can't Laymon be Honest?

Chas. O. Laymon, editor of the Port Allegany Reporter, has a way of misrepresenting the sayings of his contemporaries which makes this question practically unanswerable. In his comments on a short local in the MINER he leads his readers to believe that the editor of the MINER offers an unpardonable insult to every young girl in Port Allegany when he knows (if he has as much knowledge of the English language as the average lower animal) that we neither claimed nor inferred anything of the sort.

Here is Laymon's way of commenting on our article:

"The editor of the Smethport MINER states that he has information that the young girls of Port Allegany has taken to lewd and immoral practices. It's a shame for any person to make such statements of the young people of any town, and especially so to publish such statements in a newspaper. There is no town the size of Port Allegany on the map where there are so many pretty and intelligent young girls as in Port Allegany. Not a young lady in this city against whose character or public or private existence there is even a whispered insinuation. What do the mothers of Port Allegany girls think of a publicly circulated story of this sort. They should rise up in wrath an protest against such disreputable announcements of their daughters. Look over the young ladies of Port Allegany ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-two and tell me which one's general actions and manifestations warrant such a reputation. Mr. Backus is well enough acquainted in Port Allegany to warrant his own protest against such a statement, instead of giving it partial recognition. Why didn't he do it?"

And here is our "disreputable" paragraph which Laymon says the mothers of Port Allegany "should rise up in wrath an protest against:"

"The Port Allegany Argus of last week gives a short sermon to young girls, which should be heeded by every miss of tender age. From Editor Blackman's article we learn that young girls of that place have taken to smoking cigarettes on the street. Such practice should be abandoned by all girls who wish to maintain self respect. Girls, if you must smoke, do it at home."

We have given space to both articles so that the mothers and others who read this may judge impartially. Mr. Laymon neglects to censure Editor Blackman, but attempts to blacken the reputation of the editor of this paper and mark us a defamer of the chastity of womankind. To use his own words, "what do the mothers of Port Allegany think of a publicly circulated story of this sort?"

At the Lyceum To-Night

ALMA STIRLING.

In "A Daughter's Devotion."

Postoffice to be Moved.

The postoffice is soon to be moved from its present quarters in the I. O. O. F. block to the Redfield building, two doors east of the present location. The reason for this change is to get more room. For the past few years the postoffice has been entirely too small for the proper accommodation of the general public and the postoffice officials. In the new quarters there will be more than double the room for both officials and patrons and this change should be generally welcomed by the public at large.

State Game Laws.

Sportsmen would do well to clip this out and paste it in their hats. The open season for game in this State is as follows: Elk, deer and fawn, 2 in one season, November only; pheasant, ruffled grouse or partridge, 10 in one day, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; hare or rabbit, ferrets prohibited, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; web-footed fowl, Sept. 1 to May 1; wood cock, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; squirrel, gray, black and fox, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; plover, July 15 to Jan. 1.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

TOOK TO THE TALL TIMBER.

"Hipe" Keesler's Bold and Successful Dash for Liberty.

"BILLY" JONES WAS AFTER HIM.

Our Constable Also Tries Strategy and is Embraced by Relatives of the Fugitive.

The Goddess of Justice wants to have an interview with one Hiram Keesler relative to an alleged assault and battery on an Italian woman who resides in Ormsby. With this object in view Constable E. W. Jones was handed a warrant for Hiram, who is better known as "Hipe."

Yesterday afternoon while Constable Jones was in George King's store at East Smethport he saw the Mr. Keesler, whose name appears on the warrant, pass the store and called to him. "Hipe," who is considered a rather bashful boy when it comes to courting the fair Goddess, Justice, divined the object of the constable's greeting and took to the woods with Billy in hot pursuit.

In the first hundred yards the fugitive slipped out of his coat and the officer seeing that it was to be a hot chase did likewise. They dashed down the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks about a quarter of a mile, neither one gaining any distance. "Hipe" then turned into the swamp, with Billy a close second. They jumped over logs and into mud holes like hounds and deer and still neither could make any perceptible gain on the other. The fugitive then headed for the hills back of the King farm and here he winded our plucky constable and left him far in the rear, and for the time being he gave up the chase.

Later in the afternoon he took a horse and drove around "Hipe's" hiding place until he came to a large corn field in the rear of the house of a relative of Keesler's. There he again took up the man hunt on foot. He skulked through the corn until he got near enough to the house to hear someone call "Hipe's" name. Stealthily he crept up to the house until he could see his intended prisoner sitting in a room, watching for him in another direction. Billy carefully surveyed the situation and decided to take his man by surprise. With one terrific leap he cleared the open space between the corn field and house and with another was inside the door, and much to his surprise was also in the arms of Hiram's aunt. She uttered the usual scream and embraced him as though he was a long lost son, and while the nephew was making a hasty departure another of the fair sex decided Billy was sweet enough to hug. When the constable finally succeeded in escaping the strenuous fondling he drew his trusty weapon and darted up stairs in search of his prey but "Hipe" was lucky in searching for liberty in the tall timber instead of dingy attics and when the officer found this out he also found that he was locked in. However, our officer is strong of limb and it took but an instant to kick down the door, gain his liberty and discover that the bird had flown.

"Hipe" is still at liberty and we hope as in the fireside weeklies, this will be continued in our next."

Arrested For False Pretense.

Attorney W. K. Swetland of Coudersport has been arrested on the charge of obtaining security under false pretenses. T. F. Mullin of Bradford being the complainant. Mr. Mullin claims that he owned a one-third interest in the Hotel Crittenden at Coudersport of which Harry N. Knight, formerly of this city, is principal proprietor. Several days ago Attorney Swetland came to Bradford and stated that he was about to commence suit against Mr. Knight, and as a matter of protection to Mr. Mullin, asked the latter to give him an assignment of the contract. Mr. Mullin made the assignment and then learned that Swetland was Knight's attorney. Swetland refused to turn over the assignment to Mullin. He has furnished bail for his appearance at the next term of court.—Bradford Star

"Side Tracked."

A. Q. Scammon's capable company presented the comedy drama "Side Tracked," at the Lyceum Monday evening and appeared to please the good sized crowd in attendance. There is a plot to the piece that is occasionally lost in the midst of fairly good specialties.

Leon Mayo, as the tramp, was especially good in his part and his dancing was neat and clever.

Ida and Gertrude LaMonte are better dancers than the average, while their singing is not all that could be desired.

The balance of the company were pleasing at times. All in all the company is a good one and gave general satisfaction.

Furnished Rooms to rent. Inquire at this office.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died, on Monday, Nov. 8, 1830, at his residence in Keating township, William Williams, Esq., aged 76 years. Mr. Williams was a native of Delaware county, N. Y. He came to McKean county in 1820. After remaining some two years, spending most of his time in the Bunker Hill Settlement, he returned to Delaware county. In 1824 he came back to McKean county, bringing with him his family and took up his residence in this place, where he resided for several years. Subsequently he purchased the property in Keating township on the opposite side of Marvin creek from this borough, upon which he continuously resided until the date of his death. He was a carpenter by trade and followed the business for many years after coming to this county. Many of the old buildings now standing in this vicinity were erected by him. He was a man of great energy and in his day acquired considerable property. He was one of the founders of the Baptist church of this place and for sixty years has led a Christian life. He was esteemed by all who knew him as a man of strict integrity and in his business relations wronged no man of a farthing. He leaves a widow, three sons, two daughters and a large circle of friends to mourn his death.

Mr. Leroy Lyman of Roulette killed three full grown deer and a large bear last week. If any of our hunters have done, or should do as well or better, we will cheerfully record it if they will take the trouble to furnish us with the fact. Mr. Lyman has long had the reputation of being the most successful hunter in the country and we doubt if there is a man in Northern Pennsylvania who has killed more game, considering the territory hunted on. If anyone is of a different opinion we are ready to give them a hearing through our columns.—Potter Journal.

Oh, dear! Leroy is nowhere. In Lucas of Keating township killed three "full-grown" deer inside of an hour the other day. It appears there was an elevated piece of ground between Lucas and the deer and as the game came in sight from behind the knoll, they were shot. Lucas supposed he was shooting at one deer when he made the three shots, as he saw but one at a time. Instead of the first deer running in a circle around the mound after being shot, there proved to be three of them as stated above and each was shot as he made his appearance. We understand Lucas killed the fourth deer the same day and had them all conveyed to this place and sold before sundown, realizing the snug little sum of forty dollars or thereabouts for them.

Two bears were killed last Thursday about two miles from this place. Freeman Chadwick got the last shot at the largest one, dispatching him at once.

Charley Bennett killed a pig the other day which weighed 347 pounds, J. R. Hackett one that weighed 400 pounds and M. S. Sheldon one which weighed 321 pounds. They were April pigs. Who can beat them?

We are gratified to know that Messrs. Ransom Beckwith of this place and Dan Easterbrook of Sergeant have commenced mining coal on Bunker Hill. They are getting out a splendid quality of smithing and grate coal at the Wood's vein on the Butterfield tract. They have a good winter road leading to the opening and it is their intention to be able to supply the entire demand of the country. We will take five ton.

On Sunday night last a party of men who had been at work on a lumber job up the West Branch, about nine miles from Bradford, went to Parson's hotel, at the latter place, and asked for whiskey. Being refused they went to some place in the village and obtained the "critter," after which they returned to the hotel, broke in the door and windows and destroyed things generally. After running the house for two or three hours the roughs took what liquor they could find in bottles and left. In the meantime Sheriff Wright was sent for who succeeded in arresting five or six of them on the following day. The arrested party rather than take up their abode in jail, settled their misdemeanor by paying $326. The rest of the gang, some ten or twelve of them, have thus far evaded the officers but will undoubtedly be arrested and indicted.

At the time of the severe rain storm which occurred two or three weeks ago, it appears that Levi Acre was staying at the house of Girard Button, on the flats above Ault's mill, over night. The water in the creek came up very rapidly that evening and before bed time the flats were enveloped and the water rushed madly through the house. To prevent being washed away by the current Acre and Button concluded to "tree," and after selecting a couple of tall ones did so. "Time and tide wait for no man." The water continued to raise and Acre, who has always lived above high water mark, still thought his chances for lingering a great while in this world were poor. Levi had done considerable hunting in his day, but praying was a new thing to him. As he tremblingly hugged the tree, deploring his lamentable fate, he was heard to offer up a prayer to the Ruler of the Universe, beseeching His aid and assistance in this his hour of peril, in return for which he made the double promise of leading a more holy and upright life and that he "would never again call on Him for help." In the meantime when Acre was most earnest in his devotions, a cake of ice came crackling along through the brush, when Acre, supposing it to be a deer, ended his prayer in this wise: "By God, Button, wish I had my gun here." They descended from their roost about four o'clock in the morning.

The Star Spangled Banner.

Eighty-nine years ago after the siege of Baltimore, when Francis Scott Key composed the "Star Spangled Banner," it is made the national anthem by order of the United States navy department. Within a day of the anniversary of the memorable storming of the city, which furnished the inspiration for the song that has been heard around the world, the government at last pays official tribute to Key's masterpiece.

The order has gone forth, from the navy department. It directs that whenever the anthem is played all officers and men shall stand at attention unless they be engaged on duty which will not permit them to do so. It is required also that the same respect shall be observed toward the national air of any other country when played in the presence of official representatives in such country.

By this order the United States navy is given an official anthem which will receive recognition in every port where the stars and stripes which Key saw "by the dawn's early light" may float. Hitherto the fleets of other nations have heard "America," the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" without knowing which really was recognized by this country as its national anthem.

France has its "Marseillaise," England its "God Save the King" and Germany its "Wacht Am Rhein," but the American sailor had no official anthem which he could sing and know he was voicing the words dearest to his countrymen. Henceforth he may demand that proper respect be shown not only to the American flag itself, but also to it as described in Key's "Star Spangled Banner."

A Good Invention.

Otto Kahle of this place has invented and had patented an air motor which he claims is far superior to anything in that line ever put upon the market. In fact it is claimed for it that it is the only practical machine of its kind ever invented. The patent is really two machines, one being an air compressor and the other the engine which is fed by it. Mr. Kahle says the motive power is air only, and consequently is the cheapest power that can possibly be provided. Mr. Kahle consulted the Pierce bicycle and automobile manufacturers in Buffalo and this company is very anxious to manufacture the motors for use in their vehicles. They agree to give Mr. Kahle a good position in the manufactory and give him a royalty on all motors manufactured. Some time ago Mr. Kahle made a small motor which he used in running a sewing machine and which works perfectly.—Coudersport Enterprise.

O'Brien-Doyle.

During the past week the friends of the contracting parties were informed that Miss Margaretta Colleta Doyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Doyle of Mt. Jewett, and Michael M. O'Brien of St. Marys, Pa., had been united in matrimony at Youngstown, O., while visiting in that city April 19.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien concluded to keep the facts from their friends for a time, but now that they have concluded to set up housekeeping they have fessed. Mrs. O'Brien will leave Tuesday for Pittsburg to join her husband, who is employed in that city.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Denver and Return $42.00.

On account of Brotherhood of St. Andrew's meeting at Denver, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 3 and 4 special excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo or Colorado Springs, Colo., at rate $42.00, good returning to Oct. 20. A splendid opportunity to visit Colorado; good through train service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Chicago Excursion.

The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Sept. 26 and 28 Buffalo to Chicago and return at $12.00, good returning to Oct. 2nd. Local agents or R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Apples and Potatoes.

Don't forget we have all kinds of Baskets, Measures and Crates. Just the thing for selling or putting away your fruit and vegetables in. Holmes & Gillillan.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

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THEFT OF THE SACRED FIRE

By J. M. SCANLAND

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IN the Jemez mountains, near Albuquerque, N. M., stand the ruins of an estufa, the only remaining "landmark" of the Jemez Indian village, the last chapter in the history of an extinct tribe. The site where the village stood is a forest, and the huge stone walls rising grimly amid this scene of desolation remind the visitor of feudal castles in a desert as depicted in the romances of the dark ages. There was a time, about a generation before civilization began to spread westward, when they really did their feelings any demand in romance with superstition as the underlying range.

It is perhaps known to even the superficial reader that the Pueblo Indians are sun worshipers; they believe that their god Montezuma dwells in the sun, and to the rising sun their prayers are repeated at mornings, and the sacred fire is kept perpetually burning in the estufa, or church. Should this fire become extinct disaster will surely follow, perhaps extinction of their tribe or village.

A few miles from the Jemez village was the village of the Pecos, members of the same family of Indians, also tracing their descent from the Toltecs, but living under a separate government. The Pecos and the Jemez were friendly neighbors, and during a season of great drought the Jemez had given from their bountiful crops many measures of corn, fruit and vegetables to the Pecos, whose crops had failed. The Pecos ascribed their more favored neighbors and attributed their calamity to the evil spirit, who was dominated by the good spirit of the Jemez.

"The evil spirit came out of Diablo canyon last night and threw his spell over the priest of our sacred fire, and now it is no more. Our tribe is doomed!" said Mangus, the shaman of the Pecos, addressing the chief cacique of the tribe.

"For three centuries the sacred fire has burned, most noble cacique, until the storm spirit came, and the priest whose duty it is to keep it alive under the penalty of death fell asleep, and the evil one stole the sacred blaze," added the shaman in tones of grief.

"Lead the traitor beyond the walls of the village and let the squaws kill him. He is unworthy of death at the hands of the braves," ordered the cacique.

The shaman bowed, again bowed to the east and gave orders to the war captain to be executed instantly.

While the drums were beating for the execution of the sentinel priest the cacique summoned a council of the braves in the estufa. With terror stricken countenances they met in the sacred hall, in which women are not permitted to enter under penalty of death. Here are held their most sacred dances and other rites and also the councils of war. Stone benches hewn from the wall extended around the circular chamber, where the braves sat as solemn as the gloomy walls. The throne of the cacique faced to the east, and in front was a totem pole on which was engraved the history of the tribe. The cacique now arose and addressed the braves.

"The evil spirit has stolen away our sacred fire," said he, "and our race is doomed. The tempest must again be hushed by fire from heaven, but the Great Father is angry with his people, and it may not be so. The True Spirit loves our neighbors, and we must per-

"OUR TRIBE IS DOOMED."

ish from the face of the earth. What shall the Pecos tribe do to appease the spirit? I am silent for an answer."

"Let us ask our neighbors," suggested the young warrior Red Mantle. "I myself will take the extinguished fagots and bring back the sacred flame lighted from their fire. It came from heaven and was lighted by our great ancestors from the north, the Toltecs."

"Maybe the Jemez will not help us," suggested Pequito, the medicine man.

"Then we must have war," gravely replied Red Mantle.

"In three days more, the first of the new moon, is the time I have fixed for our rabbit hunt," spoke the war captain. "Let us invite our neighbors, the Jemez, to join us in the chase."

The Jemez received the messengers with hospitality and accepted the invitation to join in the chase. As the course lay to the south of the Jemez village and being nearer than to the Pecos village, the Pecos braves were invited to call on the morning of the hunt and join the Jemez in a smoke.

After a two days' fast and purification the Pecos formed in line on the morning of the third day and amid singing and dancing started to the village of the Jemez. At sunrise they halted on the mesa to the east of the village and chanted the song of the "Rabbit Hunt." This was the signal of their approach. The Jemez issued

THEY CHANTED THE SONG OF THE "RABBIT HUNT."

from their village and joined in the chant as they marched forth to greet their neighbors and extend to them the hospitality of their village. Entering the gates, the Pecos marched to the totem poles, where in honor of their hosts they bowed three times to the east and circled three times in a sacred dance. The women had prepared a feast for the guests, which was partaken of by the braves of both tribes, the women standing aloof in silence.

"Let the chase now begin," said the cacique of the Jemez after the feast was ended.

The cacique of the Pecos bowed his willingness, and the braves of each tribe formed in line in the center of the plaza, each armed with a boomerang. Each line was headed by their village cacique, who wore a headdress of eagles' feathers, with the skin of a tiger hanging down his back, as a mark of distinction. Next in order was the shaman of each tribe, wearing a headdress of woodpeckers' feathers. They were followed by six musicians, three from each village. Each carried half of a gourd suspended from the neck, with the convex side upward. The gourds were partly filled with pebbles. Each musician carried in his right hand a notched stick, which he drew across the ribs of the gourd as he went with the tribes, accompanying the movement with a chant as the lines proceeded. The lines moved slowly with a serpentine step, each line now facing forward and then countermarching, and grown in fervor as the music became more animated. For a moment they stood in one position, raising the feet alternately, accentuating their steps with the music and then in a dog trot or with a flippety hop step they danced around the inner side of the plaza and finally formed in front of the estufa, where the sacred fire was burning. A grunt of delight escaped from the Pecos villagers which the Jemez did not seem to interpret. The omens of the shaman were favorable, and the Jemez could not believe that their hospitality would be betrayed.

At the signal of the war captain the dance ceased. The sacred cigarette was lighted by each brave in order to blind the rabbit, and after the smoke, during which not a word was spoken, the braves now marched to the course south of the village. Each line was separated by the width of half a mile and closed in upon each other, encompassing the game. The result of this chase was sent back to the village by the squaws, who were carried along for that purpose, with instructions to prepare another feast for the guests. It was decided by the war captains to make similar closing lines from south to north, driving the game toward the village. In courtesy the Pecos were given the post nearer the Jemez village. This movement was artfully suggested by the Pecos villagers in order to more successfully carry out their treacherous designs. Gayly chanting the song of the "Rabbit Hunt," the unsuspecting Jemez Indians took their position on the further side of the mesa. As they turned to make the closing in movement they saw to their amazement the Pecos Indians running toward their village, shouting the war cry.

"Treachery!" exclaimed the Jemez cacique. "The red man has betrayed his brother! Our squaws will be taken away and our papooses killed. We must now fight! No more talk!"

The echoes of the song of the "Rabbit Hunt" had died away and the war whoop resounded over the mesa as the fleet footed Jemez ran toward their village, now being despoiled by their neighbors. Entering the gates, they soon found their weapons and ran to the defense of the temple. The priest had been killed, and the Pecos had snatched the burning fagots from the altar stone, and, surrounded by a guard, they were fighting their way to the gates. The young warriors and the squaws who had been left in the village were bravely fighting to retain the sacred fire, and many had been slain before the arrival of the braves. The battle was soon decided, and nearly all of the braves—perhaps 500—fell in front of the estufa. The sacred flame had been taken by the enemy, and the luck of battle was against them.

The few remaining warriors, women and children were now prisoners, and, their hands bound with leather thongs, they were taken to Pecos.

"The Great Spirit is angry with his people since we have been so foolish as to trust the red brother," said the cacique to the remnant of his village. "Henceforth we are to be the slaves of the Pecos. Our tribe will be no more. Our people will die, but the Pecos will also die at the hands of the white brother. I shall say no more."

* * * * * * * *

For several years the Pecos prospered. Crops were bountiful, the chase was always successful, the streams yielded an abundance of fish and rains were plentiful. The sacred fire burned brightly in their estufa—the cause of their blessings and "good luck." Gradually their captive slaves, the remnants of their neighboring village, passed away beneath their humiliation and toilsome burden. Only the aged cacique, Zandia, remained to regret the downfall of his people and witness their decline.

"What do the spirits tell you, most noble cacique?" asked the cacique of the Pecos in a taunting manner as Zandia, cacique of the Jemez, was brought before him. "Why do you always pray to the sun and never to the sacred blaze in the estufa? Is not that also from heaven?"

"It was most noble cacique," humbly replied the humiliated Zandia. "But now the True Spirit above frowns upon that fire. He, too, weeps for the wrongs we have suffered."

"Go, soothsayer. Have another vision and ask your spirit the fate of the Pecos," said Mangus in a more taunting manner.

"The spirit has already told me," replied the grief stricken Zandia. "The evil spirit is again in the Jemez mountains. Before tomorrow's noon he will come up from the earth in a flame a thousand times larger than our sacred flame which your people stole from the trustful Jemez. It will roll over this mesa and your people will soon be no more, like the wronged and murdered Jemez tribe. I speak the truth. I hear the angry spirit in the mountains. Your sacred flame will again become extinct, and this time forever."

* * * * * * * *

The afternoon had been oppressively hot. The sun went down in a flame of fire. The night was sultry. The hot winds from over the sandy plains only intensified the heat and made sleep almost impossible. The night was star-

THEY WERE FIGHTING THEIR WAY TO THE GATES.

less, and clouds of inky blackness gathered, couriers of the storm. Lightning flashed from the heavily charged clouds, and amid its terrific peals the terror stricken people ran to the estufa. Kneeling around the sacred blaze, they began to pray to the True Spirit above. Another peal, and the wall of the estufa was rent asunder, and the sacred blaze became again extinct. The terror stricken, superstitious Indians ran from their now accursed temple into the plaza, fleeing from the wrath of the spirit whom they had offended. They were more horrified still at seeing a wall of fire rolling down from the Jemez mountains.

"It is the evil spirit in his cloud of fire, and he has come to punish our betrayers," grimly said Cacique Zandia as he pointed to the mass of molten lava flowing down from the volcano, now in eruption.

The superstitious Indians still stood in the plaza, executing their sacred spirit dance, beating their breasts and singing the prayer to the True Spirit above. On came the wall of molten lava, swelled by successive waves from the volcano, until it reached the village walls, where it was stayed until other waves swelled the molten tide, when the village and its shrieking inhabitants were buried beneath the burning mass.

A mountain of molten lava marks the spot where the estufa of the Pecos Indians stood, and it also serves as a monument to those buried beneath its ruins.

No Temptation.

Mrs. Farmer—Wouldn't you like to to do a little work just to see how it feels?

Weary Willy—No, lady; de morbid and horrible hez no fascination fer me wotever.—Puck.

Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Stood For It.

Physician—Your ailment is rheumatism, eh? Is it a case of long standing?

Patient (steamboat pilot)—Yes, sir; I think that's what guy it to me.—Exchange.

Do not presume too much that you are intrenched in any person's friendship.—Schoolmaster.

Too many men mistake alcoholic thoughts for genius.—Atchison Globe.

CONNEMARA CYCLONE'S REINSTATEMENT

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

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His doting parents—of that far famed poor but honest variety—had named him Michael Ryan O'Sullivan. But an equally doting public during the few years he held its attention had christened him the "Connemara Cyclone." History—ring history—has it that it was "Black" Nolan, the sporting man's plumbyman from the Tenth, who first gave him the name. After that great fight with "Pug" Bresnahan, so runs the story, while Bresnahan's seconds were still trying to fan the breath of life back to him and "Uncle" Nolan close to the ring divided his time between watching this interesting operation and fingering a thick, roller wad in his pudgy hand, the latter suddenly turned to the man beside him and said:

"Alsy meal was he. Tell the b'ys that backed Terry Bresnahan they've got a wad of thinks comin' to 'em. It's a cyclone that had its—a Connemara cyclone." And the sporting fraternity, which is ever ready to take up any name, provided only it be neighboring to appropriateness, sanctioned the christening.

Like many another man, the Cyclone's success was but the pathway to his own undoing. In the two years succeeding his first great victory an enterprising manager kept him almost continually before the public. The Cyclone made money rapidly and spent it with an equal rapidity. Numerous easy victories over opponents unworthy of his steel intoxicated him with success. He neglected his training, he gambled heavily; but, the worst of all, he discovered that whisky was a fine antidote for the poison of gambling losses.

The end came rapidly after that. One night at the Pastime club a clever youngster brought two quick blows through the Cyclone's guard, and for the first time in his life he lay prone in the ring and was counted out. It was a mercy the blows had been heavy enough to render him completely unconscious and spare him the humiliation of the jeers and hisses and catcalls of his backers—the catastrophe came in the second round, and they had given odds of 5 to 2 on him.

The defeat had the effect of sobering him into a realization of his condition. For a time he left whisky to its own devices and took up training with exemplary thoroughness. But his dissipation and the sting of defeat seemed to have unnerved him. All his encounters of the next year were calumbious to him and left his manager financially involved. It was then they parted company in a huff and the Cyclone decided to quit the ring.

His next venture was in the theatrical line. The proprietor of a cheap variety house made him an offer of a comfortable sum per week to appear in a twenty minute monologue. In this he was successful for a time, and night after night the house was crowded with men who, although they knew him as a "has been," remembered his palmier days. He went from city to city, appearing in faultless evening clothes and huge paste diamonds and with prudence might have laid by a snug sum out of his earnings. But with

THE ERSTWHILE CONNEMARA CYCLONE WAS PITCHED OUT.

this new success the gambling began again, and with the gambling the whisky, and with the whisky the monologue grew rather hazy, the articulation thick, the gesture vague. One night in a western city the curtain was rung down just in time, for before he could stagger to the wings he collapsed in a miserable heap.

It went from bad to worse after that until Michael Ryan O'Sullivan became a common barroom loafer.

It was one dark April night that the doors of Casey's saloon swung open, and with much scuffling and profanity the erstwhile Connemara Cyclone was pitched unceremoniously on to the sidewalk. A few moments later he rose painfully to his feet and made his lurching way down the street to fall into a convenient doorway. He drew himself up as best he could on the stone steps and soon was snoring lustily.

It was gray morning when he awoke and got unsteadily to his feet. He pushed out his dilapidated derby, brushed his clothes and buttoned his frayed coat about him. As he did so he became aware of a bundle on the steps beside him, a bundle swathed in a blanket, and even as he looked a feeble wail came from beneath its folds. He stooped and loosened the blanket, and two tiny arms reached up to him, accompanied by a shrill plaint.

"Good heavens," he said, standing erect and rubbing his head, "it's a kid!"

His first wild impulse was to run; then as the wail grew more plaintive he felt a strange tightening at his throat.

"Poor devil," he mused, "it's hungry."

He gathered the bundle in his arms and went out. He had a vague idea of giving it to a policeman, but as he went down the street and the wails gradually ceased a strange desire seized him, a desire to keep this child. There was his sister, Mrs. MacInness; he might take it to her. She was a good soul, was Nora. He sought the nearest drug store and looked up the address of the MacInnesses in the directory. Then, with the child in his arms, he trudged the two weary miles to their home. Nora met him at the door, and his heart sank.

"Well," she said, "an' what does this mean—the loikes o' you comin' here, Mike O'Sullivan? Are ye hungry or—what hev ye in the boondle?"

Just then there was a wail from the blanket, and she snatched it from him. He followed her into the house and watched with hungry eyes as she deftly slid off the swathings of the child.

"Oh, the darlin', the dearlin'!" she cried. "An' when was ye married, Mike?"

"I want you to be good to it for a bit, Nora," he said and turned on his heel.

"The sporting fraternity will tell you that a pugilist, however 'corky,' seldom regains his lost prestige. They will also offer many absurd theories in the case of the Connemara Cyclone. But if you want to learn the real reason of that worthy's late success in the ring go up to the MacInness' flat any Sunday afternoon and see a sleek, curly haired baby pulling his huge watch chain and chewing his paste diamonds. And, although it is not currently known, a large portion of his ring earnings are banked in the name of Nora O'Sullivan.

An East Indian Legend.

According to a tradition of one of the tribes of India the sun created a man and a woman at the beginning of time, and this couple had twelve children. When they had all come to an age to shift for themselves the sun divided them into pairs and placed food of all kinds before them. On their choice depended the fate of their descendants. Those who took vegetables only became the ancestors of the highest caste of all, the Brahmans, while the Santals, the lowest of all castes, spring from those who chose pigs. The Kols declare that they are descended from those who took bullocks' flesh, and to the sustaining power of the food of their choice the Larka, or fighting Kols, attribute their strength and fine physique. When these latter, at the beginning of the last century, first met English troops they were quickly impressed with the fighting powers of the strangers, and, finding that they, too, ate bullocks' flesh, the Kols paid them the great compliment of assigning them the same pair of ancestors as the Kols. But by the time eleven pairs had chosen their share of the food provided there was nothing left for the unfortunate twelfth couple, and they had to beg food from the others who had fared better. From this unlucky pair spring the Ghasis, who do not work, but support themselves on the charity and leavings of others.

How He Stopped the Bray.

"I was on a gaining trip with some friends of mine," said a New York man, "and in a field close to the house where we slept a jackass pastured. This jackass kept us awake with his braying a good part of the night. My friends do what they would, could not put a stop to his noise.

"I happened to know a good deal about jackasses, so I said to my friends:

"'I bet you $50 that I can stop this animal's noise so that tonight he won't bray once.'

"They took the bet, and that evening I treated the jackass for a minute or two. The result was that, all night long he was as silent as the grave.

"My friends in the morning paid me what was due, and they examined the animal. They found a heavy stone tied to his tail. That was all.

"They could not understand why this should have kept him from braying, so I had to explain the reason to them. Do you know the reason? No? Well, it was this: A jackass to bray has to have his tail elevated till it is level with his backbone. As long as it hangs down he can make no sound. My heavy stone therefore served the purpose of a first class gag."—New York Tribune.

A Poor Note For News.

The proprietor of a newspaper in a large city not far from New York called at the office of one of the New York evening newspapers with his son, a young man just out of college, and made the request that the editors take him on the staff and, make a good newspaper man of him. The young man wore a corduroy vest, and appeared hopeful. He was sent off one morning to a nearby New Jersey town to investigate a report that a prominent citizen was missing from his home. The day wore on and nothing was heard from the young man. The newspaper went to press without mention of the prominent citizen. Finally, an hour or more later, the young man strolled in, looking cool and contented, as though he had done a good day's work.

"Well, what about it? Where have you been?" asked the city editor.

"I found that the man wasn't missing, after all," replied the young man.

"Why didn't you send anything?"

"The report that he was missing was untrue. I went to the door and a servant answered the bell and told me that he had committed suicide."—New York Post.

Making History.

"That historical novel of yours doesn't read as if you had studied history much," said the brutal critic.

"Thank you," said the author whom nothing disconcerts. "This is the first time you have given me credit for originality."—Washington Star.

Stirring Him Up.

Husband—Mr. Physician tells me I must have a complete change of scene. I don't know, but I'll have to run over to Europe.

Wife—That isn't necessary, dear; just take a day off and help me on my shopping.

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SHINGLES AND ALL THE REST.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read Holmes & Gilfillan's change in advertisement this week.

—Six inches of snow fell in Yellowstone Park Saturday and Sunday.

—"A Daughter's Devotion at the Lyceum to-night. Prices 25, 50 and 75 cents.

—A Polish school at Morris Run was opened last Tuesday with 210 pupils. The children are taught both Polish and English.

—Clarence Egnor, who murdered his keeper, Archibald Benedict, was electrocuted at Auburn, N. Y., Monday morning.

—An exchange reports that within the past ninety days over $16,000 in fees and fines have been collected from dealers in impure foods in Pennsylvania by the State pure food department.

—A fire which broke out in the Hamilton building, Punxsutawney, Tuesday resulted in the loss of six large business buildings, rendered 20 families homeless and entailed a property loss of $75,000.

—During the heavy storm last Thursday afternoon lightning struck a chimney in the New Fleming hotel in Kane and did considerable damage. Miss Myrtle Hutchinson, who is employed in the office of W. H. Bunce & Co., was quite severely shocked by the bolt.

—The department of fisheries is now ready to receive applications for blanks for trout fry for spring delivery. All applications must be filled out and returned to the Harrisburg office before Jan. 1st. No application will be received for any fish excepting for those to be placed in free or public streams.

—Down at Wilkinsburg the church members dug up some antiquated blue laws and proceeded to reform the town. One law forbade trading or working for money on the Sabbath. The druggists of the town were the first marks for the crusaders' sudden spurt of goodness and their Sunday soda water sale suffered. They got even, however, by arresting all the paid singers in the several church choirs.

—Many a farmer's son or daughter is struggling miserably and hopelessly in the city as an underpaid and overworked nobody, who might be enjoying the broader, freer, cleaner, better, saner life on the old home farm. When the farm boy or girl gets the city fever, only the drastic medicine of miserable experience will check or cure it. Foolish pride, false ideals, indolence and ignorance mislead many young men and women.—N. Y. Farmer.

The Elusive Lead Pencils.

What becomes of the lead pencils is as insolvable a problem as what becomes of pins. No one ever really uses up lead pencils; no one drinks them, so to speak, to the very dregs, unless it is one of those admirable people who keep journals and cash accounts and who usually carry a sort of penholder arrangement in which they insert a half length pencil and go on and on using it and sharpening it until it is all gone. Very few people ever get pencils worn down as far as a half length. They disappear before that stage is reached. What becomes of them all? Hundreds of thousands of them annually are lent to young children and never seen again, but what do the children do with them? Do they eat them up? Possibly.

Everybody has seen lead pencils the upper end of which have been chewed into a brush, but children do not possess such ostrich stomachs as would enable them to consume all the pencils that disappear.

The Gloomy Sentries.

To and fro march the sentries in front of Buckingham palace, meeting face to face for a moment and then separating without a word, as if their feud were too deep for speech. This spectacle is watched with sympathetic interest by American visitors, who occasionally intervene. The sentries were glaring at each other one morning when a stranger standing close by remarked, "Come, boys, make it up!" Another American proposed to heal the breach with a little friendly conversation. "Say, does your king live here?" he opened genially. The two sentries stared impassively and then resumed their tramp. Up came a policeman. "Can I tell you anything, sir?" said he. "Yes," answered the American. "Tell me why these young hearts are silent and sore. Anyhow, why can't they whistle, 'We never speak when we pass by?'"—London Chronicle.

Montreal's Cathedral.

The great landmark in Montreal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, next to the famous cathedral in the City of Mexico, is the largest church building in America and has a seating capacity of 12,000. The church was built in 1829 and is noted for its magnificent chimes, one of the bells of which, called "Le Gros Bourdon," is one of the largest suspended bells in the world and weighs 24,780 pounds.—Four-Track News.

Very Absent Minded.

"Talk about absent mindedness," said a man the other day, "why, I like it, for when I was a boy I worked for a man who was so absent minded that he discharged me three times in one week and paid me a week's wages each time."

The Inducement Incomplete.

She (romantic)—When you first saw the wonderful Niagara falls, didn't you feel as though you would like to jump in?

He—No; I hadn't got my hotel bill then.—Toledo Blade.

TRAGEDY OF AN INSECT.

The Sand Fly Lives but a Day After Coming Into the Light.

Here is the tragic story of the sand fly:

It has but a day to live in the light. In order to earn the right to that day of life it lives from one to three years in darkness, down in the mud at the bottom of lakes or rivers. Moreover, the sand fly is perfectly harmless. It does not bite. It has no sting. It cannot even eat. All it can do is to flit about for a few hours, enjoying the light of day or the glare of an electric lamp.

The sand fly is known to scientists familiarly as the May fly. In scientific terms it is called ephemerida. This name is taken from the Greek word ephemeros, which means lasting only for a day. To the scientists the sand fly is one of the most interesting and beautiful of insects.

The fly lives but a day at most, but before it sees the light it has lived for from one to three years under the water in the form of what the scientists call a nymph. This nymph can both walk and swim. As it grows it molts, and after about the ninth molt tiny wings appear on its thorax. These grow larger until the insect comes forth from the water a sand fly. It then has but one duty—to lay its eggs. This done, the sand fly zigzags through the air until its brief life is ended.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Value of Light.

An English physician of high standing recently made an address before the Manchester and Salford Sanitary association in which he said:

"I have spoken of light as purifying our atmospheric environment and as freeing us from certain superficial parasitic distempers, and I wish to remind you that it has still more deep and intimate human relations of a sanitary nature, for light is a necessary condition of mental and bodily well being. Its tonic physical effects are everywhere recognized.

"Essential for all purposes of life, light is a universal stimulus. Falling on the eye it sets up in the brain functional activities associated with intellectual and emotional states, and attempts have been made to discriminate the physical effects of its different colors. Whatever their therapeutic value of the differing rays of light may be, white light, heaven's own mixture, is the normal physical stimulus, and variations in its intensity have probably widely diffused constitutional effects."

A Will and Three Weddings.

In Warsaw a banker died and left his entire fortune to whichever of his three nieces—daughters of three different brothers and sisters—married first. The parties interested in this provision were present when the will was read, and all of them took immediate steps to secure the prize. By procuring special licenses and taking other unusual measures it was found that the earliest possible time for a wedding to take place was at 8 o'clock in the morning of the tenth day after the will had been read. Before noon on that day all three nieces appeared at the notary's office with certificates showing that they had all become wives between 8 and 8:15 o'clock that morning, though not one of them had even been engaged when the will was read. All three claimed the fortune, and the courts solved the difficulty by dividing it into equal parts.

The Genius of Labor.

Two hundred persons, waiting for a train, intently watched an old man driving six inch spikes with an iron maul. Now, there is nothing unusual or extraordinary about driving spikes with a maul, even though the head of a spike is only three-eighths of an inch square and that of the maul only three-quarters. But there was a fascination in this old man's work. His genius for driving spikes was manifest. He never missed a blow. He never needed more than three blows to send a spike home with its head buried in the planking. He always gave three. There was a rhythmic harmony in his task that appealed to all. In his particular line he excelled. That is the genius of labor.—New York Press.

John Adams' Opinion of Washington.

After dinner one night a visitor stepped into the hall to help Adams put on his coat. Adams thanked him. "Don't mention it," was the solemn lady's reply. "No attention is too great, no trouble is too much that we of this century have the pleasure of taking for the patriots of the Revolution—for George Washington and yourself, sir." Adams' sharp retort was: "Don't mention Washington to me, sir! Washington was a dolt!"—Sanborn's "Reminiscences of Emerson."

Rhinoceros and Tapir.

The rhinoceros and the tapir, both found frequently in the tertiary deposits, are still represented by almost identical forms. One species at least of the rhinoceros survived unchanged long after the appearance of man. Their range extended as far north as Siberia, and their bones have been found in caverns in England, France and Germany; on the banks of the Irrawady and at the foot of the Himalayas.

Careful Man.

"Mr. Jonesmith isn't in," said the maid at the door. "Will you leave your name?"

"Oh, no," replied Professor Absentmind. "You see, I may need it myself before I see him again."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Cereals Pure Food Co., La Rue, N. Y.

THE TRICKY BRAIN CELL.

What Happens When We Know a Name Which Escapes Us.

The anatomy of the nervous system, and consequently its physiology, was regarded in the past as very simple. Cayal showed that the specific brain cell is an independent unit provided with multiple processes, by means of which it is capable of acting not through one nerve alone, but several. This independent brain unit or cell is called a neuron. A simple illustration of how the neuron works is furnished by our not infrequent hunt for a name or an idea which we know we possess. We feel that the name is there, but we cannot recall it. We get various names near its beginning even with the same letter or the same vowel sound, yet only after minutes or even hours does it actually occur to us.

What is supposed to happen is that the particular cell of intellection which we are using throws out its process among the cells of memory for names, and though this process is brought in connection with cells containing similar names, it is only after a more or less prolonged search that it hits on the right one. It is as if the telephone operator in the central office felt around blindly for the connection wanted, and only after putting the plug into various holes eventually struck the proper one. —Dr. Joseph Walsh in Booklovers Magazine.

Wanted the Lambs Handy.

"I want to get a tombstone for my husband's grave," she said, pushing back her somber veil.

"We have all kinds," replied the dealer. "Is there any particular style you wish to get?"

"Yes. I was thinking I would like to have one of those marble blocks with lambs carved on them."

"But those are generally supposed to be placed upon the graves of children."

"Yes, I know—I've noticed that. Still, I think it will please him to have one of them if he can look back here now and see and understand what we are doing. You see, he operated in Wall street, and it will make him happy to always have a lamb there right within reach."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Lady and Her Nose.

There is a washerwoman in Paris who is in great trouble. Two years ago she had a fight with her husband, in the course of which so much skin was taken from her nose that some new had to be grafted on. Recently she made the horrifying discovery that a fine coat of hair was growing in her new nose and then learned that the doctors at the hospital who had treated her had used skin from a human scalp for grafting purposes. The poor washerwoman then went to the courts to ask for a divorce, urging cruelty as cause, because it was her husband's brutality which took the original skin off her nose which resulted in the grafting, the hair and the ridicule of her neighbors.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill pen maker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.

Sympathy.

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint. In fact, it's always something or other.

Cook (with feeling)—Well, mum, I'm sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort.—London Punch.

A Cabman's Retort.

Irascible Old Gentleman (putting head out of four wheeler that is crawling along at an unconscionable pace)—I say, cabby, we're not going to a funeral.

Cabby (promptly)—No, and we ain't goin' to no bloomin' fire either.—London Tit-Bits.

Any man who disregards the regulations for the prevention of lead poisoning in the mines of New South Wales is liable to a fine not exceeding $100.

The recent marriage of a couple of cripples, each having only half the proper complement of arms and legs, was noted by the press as a "conjubial curiosity." But who notes the marriages which occur daily in which both parties are cripples in health.

Crippled health means, as a rule, insufficient nutrition, and lack of nutrition points to disease of the stomach and digestive and nutritive tract. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect nourishment of the body, and so builds it up in sound health and strength.

"I had been a great sufferer from indigestion for the last nine years," writes Mrs. Margaret Klingle, of Owings Mills, Baltimore Co., Md. "I was such a wreck it seemed death was near, but to-day can say I feel like another woman. I have received much and lasting good from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' I have taken twenty-five bottles in all, and followed the advice of Dr. R. V. Pierce, and am happy to say that life is worth living now. A thousand thanks for your treatment."

Do not be cajoled into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of twenty-one one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Well Named Paint

The practical painter says, the man who storms at the weather because the paint on his house won't weather the storms, could live a life of sunshine by using

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint gives double the service of all-white-lead or any ordinary paint. It is made of the most perfect combination of paint materials to stand the severest trial the sun and weather can give it. Guaranteed to keep its gloss and wear well for five years.

Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Nagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Susse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

"Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground ground-nuts, buttered butter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takuchews, the modern bran-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 2½ hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikahika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

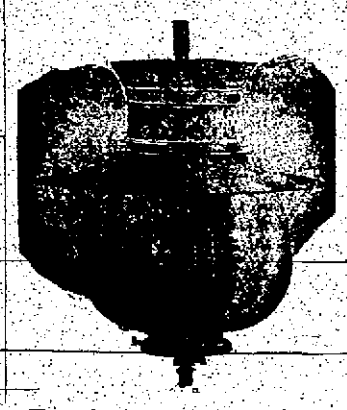
However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree. Drink "C. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per inch, per annum, payable monthly. Our position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Philadelphia County.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPREME COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS H. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford County.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

THE report has been circulated that President Roosevelt had snubbed Sir Thomas Lipton by objecting to his presence at a luncheon, but this is untrue. Roosevelt and Lipton are very good friends.

SENATOR Clay of Georgia says that William J. Bryan, the silver tongued orator of the Platte, is now a dead corpse. He says the Southern States will send Democratic delegates to the next Democratic national convention.

THE Republican County Committee will meet at the St. James hotel, Bradford, Monday, September 21st, for the purpose of organizing for nomination and election for jury commissioner. The fall politics will be very uninteresting as a jury commissioner is the only office seeking candidates.

A NEWSPAPER robber in a Denver jail tells how he refrained, recently from robbing a girl who was carrying $1,000 to a bank to make a deposit. "She looked so fine, sweet and beautiful that I did not have the heart to rob her," he says. And thus is another argument given to business men for hiring none but pretty girls to work in their offices.

Washington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14, 1903.

Hon. George Frisbie Hoar, the venerable Senator from Massachusetts, has, in an address at Salem, made the announcement which is attracting wide attention and furnishing food for deep thought. Mr. Hoar says that the time to revise the tariff is at the session following the election of a Republican President, and this eminent statesman furnishes many excellent reasons for his belief. He admits that the election of a Republican President invariably brings a feeling of confidence and relief to the country at large, and for that reason business at such a time is sure to be in a healthy condition and least susceptible to the shock of changes in the tariff schedules. He points out, moreover, a fact well recognized by every statesman who has given recent history genuine study, namely that it takes several years for the country to judge as to how a tariff law is going to work because it requires time for the business interests to adjust themselves to the new schedules. For this reason there is danger that any attempt at revision coming at the approach of a Presidential election may be followed by purely temporary change of views on the part of the voters, a change which would have been entirely dissipated before a Presidential election arrived and the tariff revision been attempted some years earlier. It was this view of the situation which certain very conservative senators presented to the President at Oyster Bay last spring and which converted Mr. Roosevelt to the "stand pat" policy, but it is also this view which, in the opinion of certain well posted Republicans, may and probably will lead President Roosevelt to advocate some modifications in the present schedules during the winter of 1904-05.

The opposition recently expressed by certain dignitaries of the Catholic church to the oath required of members of the International Typographical Union has served to bring out the fact that, according to a reliable authority, the committees which, acting for the President, has just completed an investigation of the government printing office called President Roosevelt's attention to the incompatibility of the printers' oath and the loyalty to the government. It is claimed, moreover, that it was for this reason that the President immediately instructed Public Printer Palmer to require the usual oath of office from every employe of the printing office, which has been done. The members of the union referred to are required to swear that their duty to the union shall not be interfered with by any allegiance owed to any other or-

ganization, social, political or religious." It is explained by Jerome E. Healy, secretary of Union No. 6, that this should be accepted in a purely Pickwickian sense and not as meaning what it says, but it is not unlikely that the printers will see the untenableness of their position and will change the verbiage of their oath so that it will be impossible to construe it as inimical to the loyalty every American owes to his country, or as interfering with the fealty a man may desire to give to his church. There has been expressed considerable curiosity at to the delay in making public the results of the printing office investigation, but it may be said that the reasons for deferring its publicity are excellent and are calculated to make for the best interests of the government and of the office.

The past week in the postal investigation has been one of unusual activity and six persons have been indicted for conspiracy to defraud the government. In addition to Beavers and Machen there have been indicted Isaac C. McGeehan and George H. Huntington of Columbia Supply Company of New York, Dr. Eugene D. Scheble of Toledo, Ohio, and James W. Erwin, an assistant superintendent of free delivery for the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. Each indictment tells the story of some new form of "graft" worked by August W. Machen. In the case of McGeehan and Huntington it appears that Machen introduced to them a go-between who suggested the advisability of putting package mail boxes on low stands, instead of permitting them to stand on the ground. For this idea Machen advised them to pay a royalty of $1.25 on each box which they did and the go-between divided that amount with Machen. In the case of Erwin it appears that the Postal Device and Improvement Company of San Francisco was organized for the purpose of selling to the government a small device to be attached to letter boxes and to indicate the time at which the next collection would be made. This simple little fixture cost the government $4.25. Beavers Machen and Erwin were all given stock in the company at Beavers' suggestion, and Erwin was made travelling superintendent in order that he might introduce the device throughout the western cities. The three men named are all indicted on this count. The largest steal of the lot, however, is that on which Machen and Scheble have been indicted. Scheble, sometimes doing business under a fictitious name, has been selling letter boxes to the postoffice ever since 1893 and has always divided the profit on the contracts evenly with Machen. It is estimated that Machen made not less than $15,000 out of this contract alone.

There are strong indications that Postmaster General Payne will leave the cabinet at an early date. Mr. Payne, through his decision in the case of Miss Todd, a Delaware postmaster whom he deposed to please Allee, the Addicks senator, appears to have incurred the displeasure of the President and has brought down on himself the condemnation of the press, irrespective of party. Moreover, the President has greatly humiliated Mr. Payne by ordering a thorough investigation of the Tulloch charges confiding it to Holmes Conrad and Charles J. Bonaparte, the special counsel retained to assist in the case growing out of the postoffice investigation, after Mr. Payne has disposed of the charges as unworthy of further notice.

How To Get Good Roads.

The simplest method of procedure under the new roads law may be pointed out in a few simple directions in order that without being confused supervisors and citizens may understand how to obtain the benefits of the measure. The law is now in active operation, and there is no reason why township authorities in Tioga county who so desire should not begin operations at once.

1. The supervisors of each township should meet and decide upon the improvement of some needed road in their township.

2. Having ascertained the road and distance of road to be improved they should, if possible, have a rough profile made designating any change of grade that they may desire.

3. They should pass a resolution agreeing to pay one sixth of the cost of such improvement and sign a petition requesting the county commissioners to act in accordance with the Act of Assembly and improve said road.

4. They should forward their resolution, petition and map to the county commissioners of their county with a request that they take prompt action in the matter.

5. In order to obtain the maintenance fund for stone roads as set forth in the act they should forward to the State highway commissioner the number of miles of improved stone roads contained in their townships, together with the cost thereof and the cost of maintaining the same, duly sworn to, with the request that he forward to them in the portion of the maintenance fund.

If these instructions are followed there should be no difficulty in obtaining the benefits of the law. Of course, it is necessary for the supervisors to urge the commissioners to take action in the matter, for the State highway commissioner can do absolutely nothing until both the supervisors and county commissioners act.—Wellsboro Republican Advocate.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

THE FAMOUS
Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

MOTHERS

No matter how rough your boy is on his clothes

WE HAVE SUITS

and Shoes and Shirt Waists for just such youngsters.

You can get here the BEST suit for $4.00, and a real good one for $2.50.

50c for a Mother's Friend Shirt Waist, 50c.

They have detached belts, to make washing easy, and riveted buttons so the boy can't tear 'em off.

$1.35 SCHOOL SHOE $1.35

If you would spend $2.00 for a pair you could positively get none better than these at $1.35.

Wm. Monheimer.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
Bell Phone

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had before the Hon. Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on Monday, September 21, 1903, at one o'clock p. m. on the petition of John L. Bayer, for a transfer of the Bottler's license granted to him on June 4th, 1903, from the frame building on the west side of Barrett alley, to the rear of the Barrett property in the Borough of Port Allegany, to a new two story frame building 30x50 feet, situated about 300 feet north of the Allegany Hotel and fronting on Railroad avenue in Port Allegany borough.

W. H. MORRISON, Clerk.

Smethport, August 31, 1903.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Att'y. for Petitioner.

NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR. CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.
$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

We Give Red Trading Stamps.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

in

Cloaks
Suits
Skirts and
Dress Fabrics.

Queen Quality Shoes.

Best $3.00 shoe in the world. We are sole agents in Smethport.

The Fall Fashions are shown here in surprising numbers and variety and we invite you all most cordially to see our display.

Among the fine

New Skirts for Autumn are:

Covert Cloth	$5.00 to $8.00
Cheviots	$4.00 to $10.00
Broadcloth	$6.50 to $12.00
Scotch Tweeds	$4.98 to $8.50

Standard Designer and Patterns for October just in.

Autumn Dress Goods

Including a number of imported novelties as well as the leading designs from the best American manufacturers.

Opening Special

All-Wool Zibeline 49c a yard.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SHOT GUNS

"Syracuse" Hammerless
"American" Double Barrel
"H & R" Single Barrel

Hunters' Supplies.

Leggins. All sizes.
Cartridge Vests. All sizes.
Gun Cases and Cartridge Belts
U. M. C. and Winchester
Ammunition.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A. H. Pierce, Sr., is seriously ill at his home in this borough.

—Charles J. Parsons has been appointed postmaster at Ormsby.

—Green Brothers have reshingled their grist mill during the past week.

—Forty-hours devotion was observed at St. Elizabeth's Catholic church this week.

—"A Daughter's Devotion" at the Lyceum to-night. Prices 35, 50 and 75 cents.

—A terrible storm swept the Atlantic coast yesterday, doing a large amount of damage.

—Don't forget to see Alma Stirling in "A Daughter's Devotion" at the Lyceum this evening.

—Buffalo is keeping up her reputation. Two men were murdered in that city Saturday night.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained a large party of young people at cards Tuesday evening.

—"Autumn Fashions" is the title of F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s advertisement this week. Read it.

—The Methodist young people will serve ice cream, cake and lemonade in the Hamilton block this evening.

—Coudersport vs. Smethport at Kane field Tuesday, Sept. 22. This will be the most interesting game of the season.

—Miss Agnes McCoy and Charles E. McCoy gave a very enjoyable party at the home of their parents Saturday evening.

—Attorney Eugene Mullin of Bradford is critically ill with heart trouble and grave fears are entertained for his recovery.

—A. W. Mitchell is reported seriously ill in Parkersburg, W. Va. This is unwelcome news to his many friends in this section.

—Alma Stirling in "A Daughter's Devotion" made a splendid impression at the Wagner last night, says this morning's Bradford Era.

—A pair of nose glasses have been lost. They have gold chain and hairpin attached. Finder will please return to Mrs. J. Heber McCandless.

—Miss Amanda Anderson was tendered a surprise party by a number of her friends last Friday evening. All report a most enjoyable time.

—The young man who voted on age last fall should not forget that he must pay a tax before he can vote this next election, and he must pay it not later than Saturday, October 3.

—Master Bruce Quirk received an elegant piano last Saturday. It was a present from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Quirk, it being his eleventh birthday.

—The Smethport High School football team is getting ready for the fall campaign. This organization should be able to put a strong team in the field this year.

—Speaking of "something easy" an exchange says: "Our idea of a soft job is a high salaried clerkship in the store of a merchant who does not believe in advertising."

—The Oil City Derrick celebrated its 32d birthday last Friday. Besides being a first-class general newspaper the Derrick is the acknowledged authority on oil news in this State.

—It is reported that the fires will be started in the tanks of the Smethport and Camp glass factories on Saturday next. Workmen are putting the glass back in the tanks now. This looks like a start early in October.

—The ladies of the Travelers' Club promise a good social time to all who attend the Harvest Festival at the hose house Wednesday, Sept. 23. Supper served at 6 o'clock, price 25 cents. Seats for everybody. No waiting.

—"You are a nice girl," said Mrs. Carrie Nation to a concert hall singer at Rockaway Beach the other day. "Don't ever marry a man who smokes cigarettes." "If I do, he will buy his own. He won't get any of mine," was the reply.

—The Norwich township school board has made a contract with the Smethport school district whereby scholars from that township can enter the Smethport schools free of tuition. Other townships are considering a similar agreement.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has received nineteen new students in twelve days. Those wishing to take a commercial or shorthand course had better send for full information of this school, as its graduates are very successful.

—The Genesee Conference of the M. E. church will be held at Olean next week. The board of trustees have asked that Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson be returned to this charge and it is probable that the request will be granted. Rev. Patterson has made many warm friends in Smethport who unite with this board in wishing his return.

—The Jewish New Year observance will commence on next Monday and will last for the next two weeks. Monday will be Rosh-hashana and two days later will be the Day of Atonement. Both of these holidays will be celebrated with services in the synagogues and the stores of Jewish merchants will be closed both days. The year which begins on Monday is 5,564, according to the Jewish reckoning.—Bradford Star.

—To those familiar with Methodist economy the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday evening, "Under Sealed Orders," is most suggestive, coming just before conference. The morning subject is, "Praise the Consummation of Life."

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville gave a party in honor of her daughter Margaret, yesterday afternoon, it being her seventh birthday. Eighteen little guests were present and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. Miss Margaret was the recipient of many pretty presents.

—Constable Jones, Officer Welch and a posse searched the Italian quarters at Camp Fire, below town, last Saturday evening. They were looking for some valuable papers which had been stolen and were supposed to be at this camp. However, nothing was found.

—Under the present management the Clarion State Normal School is making very satisfactory progress. The different departments have been refitted and the work of construction has been systematized and the standard raised. A fine senior class will be graduated this year.

—We have been informed by the county commissioners that as new steel girders had to be put into the Larabee bridge in place of the old wooden ones that it was impossible to keep the bridge in a passable condition during the time the repairs were being made. This being the case no blame can be laid on the commissioners or the contractors for what was apparently negligence.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory was started Saturday. A full force of men went to work and things started off very nicely under the new management. The weather has been so unusually hot that the blowers have been unable to make anywhere near the usual number of bottles, but what they have made are first-class and as soon as they get hardened everything points to a good year's work.

—A man by the name of Roy Hicks, supposed to be the assailant of Miss Charlotte Singer of Ridgway, was arrested at Lock Haven a few days ago. His appearance tallied precisely with that given by Miss Singer with the exception of the two front gold teeth. Both Mr. Hicks' front teeth were missing. Miss Singer visited the jail at Lock Haven but claims Hicks is not the man who assaulted her.

—Want to be a man do you? Well, you may attain the age of twenty-one and a stature of five feet six and not be a man. Age and size don't make a real man. Some men when grown, are as useless as when they were boys in fact, a worthless boy is usually worthless when he grows up to man's size. The real man grows up from a manly boy. The habits he forms in youth stay with him. Now is the time to make yourself what you hope to be in after life. It will be too late when you are grown. —Ex.

—A new record for gun practice on the high seas has been made on the battleship Alabama, which has just arrived in port from Martha's Vineyard firing grounds. Built to fire at the rate of one shot every two minutes, the gun crews of the Alabama have handled the action of their 13-inch guns so that two and a half hits were made in that time. The percentage of the Alabama stands unprecedented at 93.75 for effective metal thrown from 13-inch guns. The best previous record was 75 per cent. held by the Indiana.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 12, 1903:

Mrs. Rilley Benons, J. L. Clawson, Lars Johan Johnson, P. Kelleher, P. O'Connor, C. Opal, Miss Adella Williams. Foreign—Lars Johan Johnson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

Last Low-Rate Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls for the Season.

On Tuesday, September 22, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the last special low-rate excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls for the present season. Round trip tickets, good going only on train indicated and good returning on all regular trains stopping at stations named, September 22 and 23, but not good in Pullman sleeping or parlor cars, will be sold at rates indicated: Clermont, train leaves at 8:40 a. m., fare $2.50. Colegrove, 8:56, $2.50. Crosby, 9:00, $2.50. Smethport, 9:12, $2.25. Larabee, 9:47, $2.15.

California Excursion.

On account American Bankers' meeting at San Francisco, the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell Oct. 7 to 10 special excursion tickets Buffalo, N. Y., to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at rate $81.70 good returning to Nov. 30th. Splendid through Pullman standard and tourist sleepers. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Autumn Excursions.

The Nickel Plate Rd. will continue the sale of their special excursion tickets to the principal tourist resorts of the west until Sept. 30, good returning to Oct. 31, at exceedingly low rates. See local agents or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Crocks! Crocks!

All kinds and sizes, with or without covers. Just the thing for putting up Preserves, Pickles, Chow Chow and Butter. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Highest prices paid for ginseng. Leave your ginseng at Brownell Bros.' store, Smethport, Pa.

—G. W. Hatch.

WANTED—Washing or general house work by day. Address Mrs. McBride, Smethport.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John G. Todd is in New Castle this week.

James Elton of North Dakota is visiting friends in town.

Miss Ida Rubin is visiting friends in Port Allegany this week.

Hon. Henry Hamlin was a business visitor in Buffalo Monday.

Hon. J. W. Leo of Pittsburg was a visitor in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark is in Cleveland, buying her fall millinery.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce has returned from a visit to friends in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Katheryn Polton of Buffalo is visiting relatives in town this week.

T. F. Hungiville and daughters, Edna and Margaret, visited Kane on Saturday.

Mrs. Wesley Gifford and Miss Ada Calkins were Buffalo visitors this week.

Mrs. E. H. Colegrove is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and daughter Maribel, are visiting relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

Carl R. Bard and Elton Holden of Port Allegany, attended the ball game here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hall returned home Tuesday from a week's visit in Toronto, Canada.

Charles E. McCoy left Monday morning for Ithaca, N. Y., where he will enter Cornell college.

Miss Elsie Carl, who has been visiting Miss Ruth Forrest, returned to her home in Buffalo on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Ames drove to Bradford on Saturday and spent Sunday with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Youmans left Tuesday for Glendora, California, where they expect to reside in the future.

Mrs. Thomas Hungiville of Smethport is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.—Coudersport Journal.

Mrs. Charles McKean was called to Milwaukee, Wis., on Tuesday on account of the serious illness of her brother, F. P. Daly.

Miss Ada Brainard, who has been the guest of Miss Agnes McCoy for some time, returned to her home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Landis of Harrisburg were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick for a few days this week during their honeymoon tour.

Mrs. C. Bosworth, son, Hamlin, and daughter, Charlotte, returned to their home in Brooklyn Friday, after spending the summer with Smethport relatives.

Mrs. Oscar Engstrom returned Monday to her home in Smethport, after a week in Mt. Jewett, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Molander.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Mrs. D. Bell and Mrs. Chas. Worden and little daughter, Ivah, of Olean are visiting Mrs. Bell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall of Fulton street. Four generations were represented there at dinner Sunday.

Special Colonist Tickets.

Daily now until Nov. 30th the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special one-way colonists' tickets Buffalo to California and Pacific coast points at rate of $42.50 and at less rates to points in Utah, Montana and Idaho. Splendid tri-weekly tourist car service. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, Principal.

The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

In The District Court of the United States.

For the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of Willett S. Palmer, Bankrupt. No. 224 in Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Willett S. Palmer of Smethport, in the County of McKean and District aforesaid, a Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of Sept., A. D. 1903, the said Willett S. Palmer was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, Bradford, Pa., on the 21st day of Sept. A. D. 1903, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Joseph M. McClain,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Carter, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to F. P. Gilfillan, Attorney.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company,
Administrators.

Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

Autumn Dress Goods and Dress Accessories.

Our Dress Goods section with its wealth of new fall suitings and silks claims your attention this week. In point of colorings fashion has chosen as favorites browns, greens and blues in the order named. Black of course will be as much in evidence as ever. For the smart tailored suit mannish mixtures of Zibelines and Scotch Cheviots will be the leading clothes. In silks, Taffetas easily hold the first position with peaux next in order.

We will count it a privilege to show you through our line and feel sure you will consider the time well spent.

Just a few hints:

42 in. Novelty Suitings, blues and grays. Per yd. 50c
46 in. Etamines, blacks browns, blues and reds. Per yd. 75c
58 in. Zibeline, black only Per yd $1.00
41 in. Knotted Cheviot, black only. Per yd. 1.00
58 in. Scotch Suitings, browns greens, blues & greys. Per yd. 1.50
36 in. Black Taffeta, all silk Per yd. 1.00

WANTED!

WE WANT YOU TO REMEMBER that the one great question will soon be "What Kind of a heating Stove am I going to get?"

WE WANT YOU TO REMEMBER that we can satisfactorily answer that One great question.

Drop in and pop the question to us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. — McKean County.

BIG BARGAINS.

Offered for a few weeks to reduce stock and make room for fall goods. Another object is to raise money and the low prices must do it.

Diamonds and Watches

have never been sold at such prices and you make a mistake if you miss this opportunity.

Solid Silver and Jewelry.

Besides all other lines are included in the cut prices. No old stock all new and up-to-date.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first-class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT — PENN'A.

The Mystery Of My Client

By... HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hoole

A POLICEMAN named Postley, regularly assigned to duty in the city prison, called at my office late one afternoon with a message that Stanley Montagu wished to see me. The name is suspiciously pretentious, yet I am informed that the man got it by birth and christening. He has borne simpler names to which he was not entitled; the police have a list of them. In fact, Mr. Montagu is a bad man, and at the time when he sent for me he was in jail for one of the most important robberies within the recent history of the city—the Ramsdell burglary, in which more than $70,000 worth of jewelry was stolen.

"He wants you to take his case," said the policeman.

"I didn't know that he had any case," I responded. "Weren't some of the diamonds found in his pockets?"

"Well, not exactly in his pockets, as I understand it," was the reply. "Two or three small things were found in his room. The great bulk of the stuff has never been found at all."

I was aware of this fact. Indeed, I had certain facilities for learning about this case, for I was acquainted with Warren Ramsdell, the brother-in-law of the lady whose jewels had been stolen. I had heard of Montagu's arrest from Ramsdell on the evening when it was made and before any account of it had been printed in the papers. He had then mentioned that a few of the least valuable articles had been recovered.

I felt indisposed to take Montagu's case first, because I believed him guilty, and, second, because of my acquaintance with one of the Ramsdells, but I had a considerable curiosity to see Montagu and talk with him. Moreover, I do not like to refuse point blank the reasonable request of a fellow creature who labors under the great disadvantage of being in prison. Therefore I went to see Montagu in order that I might find out what he had to say for himself.

The hour was rather late for a consultation that day under the strict rules of the prison, nevertheless I succeeded in a room of the institution which is sometimes used for that purpose. Montagu was a tall and slender man of forty years or thereabout, having iron gray hair upon a remarkably well shaped head. His face was smooth

"GOOD DAY, MR. WILLARD."

shaven, thin and of the cast suggesting the vague descriptive term "distinguished."

"Good day, Mr. Willard," said he. "You know about my case, I suppose?"

"Very little," I replied. "What I do know makes me hesitate to have anything to do with it."

Montagu glanced slowly around the room, bestowing a peculiar smile upon the various articles of furniture, as if he had been saying to each of the chairs and tables: "Nobody hidden behind you. Of course not. Pray excuse me for thinking of such a thing."

Then he turned to me.

"A guilty man is entitled to his legal rights the same as an innocent one, isn't he?"

"Certainly," said I. "There is no reason why a conscientious lawyer should not protect a guilty man against injustice and even against any undue severity. Do I understand that you intend to plead guilty?"

"Well, I haven't made up my mind," said he. "Of course I don't stand any chance. A man with a record like mine is convicted as soon as he's brought into court."

"If you didn't do the thing," said I, "fight it through."

He smiled at me for about a minute without speaking.

"It's possible, you know," said he, "for a man to be tired of this sort of business. He may want to quit and be straight, you understand. He may see a reasonable chance. But if at my age the poor devil is going to prison for ten or fifteen years what's the use? Now, see here," he continued in a more assured tone, "if I decide to plead guilty will you take my case?"

"This includes the restitution of the stolen property?" said I.

"Of course," he replied.

"Then I'll do my best for you," said I.

"Now, I wish you'd let me have a day or two to think things over. In regard to the restitution of the property, there are certain matters which I want to discuss with you later. In the meantime will you see Mrs. Ramsdell and find out exactly what was taken? I don't want to be held for stuff that I didn't get."

There was something peculiar in his manner which excited my curiosity. After I had left him I gave hard thought to the circumstances of the robbery. The Ramsdell residence had been entered in a bold and ingenious manner from an adjoining mansion which happened to be deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdell were dining out that evening. The robber was discovered by a maid who had gone up to her mistress' room just before the latter returned home. It was not long after 10 o'clock, and there was plenty of time for the news to get into the next morning's papers. A list of the stolen articles was published, and the value was set as $70,000. Meanwhile I had heard the story from Warren Ramsdell, whom I had met in a club shortly after midnight. He had told me that the value of the jewels was about $55,000 and had neglected to mention a diamond necklace which was the highest priced article in the published list.

Montagu had been arrested next day upon a description furnished by the Ramsdells of a mysterious and suspicious looking character whom they had seen lurking about the house.

Now, so far as I knew, the original published estimate of the value of the property, including the necklace which I have mentioned, had never been contradicted. Doubtless Montagu had seen this list, and beyond question he was in a position to know whether it had been accurate. Supposing that the diamond necklace had not been in the strong box, naturally Montagu would be unable to return it, and he would insist upon a definite statement about it before opening serious negotiations.

Society women sometimes get into debt and pawn their jewels without the knowledge of their husbands. I have faith to believe that the indiscretion is rare, but I am told that it does occur. If such had been the fact in this instance it was conceivable that Mrs. Ramsdell might have told the reporters a fib. It would be necessary to settle this point before anything could be done for my client, and with this in mind I tried to find Warren Ramsdell, since there seemed reason to believe that he was in his sister-in-law's confidence. But as the young man had gone to Chicago on business I was under the necessity of calling at the Ramsdell house upon this very delicate business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdell were at home, and, to use a figure of speech, they fell upon my neck when I hinted at a possibility of securing a restitution of the property. They were perfectly willing that I should compound a felony by defeating justice in the case of Stanley Montagu and even urged me to corrupt the district attorney, the grand jury, the police and the court in the interests of my client if he would only give up the jewels.

Still, upon the personal side I was much moved by the lady's great grief at her loss. She seemed to be a woman of a very strongly sentimental nature. There were some of those jewels, gifts from her husband in the early days of their love, that she could not speak of without bursting into tears.

When I left the Ramsdell house I was a fierce partisan of the fair victim of this robbery, and yet we had decided to do our best to save Montagu from the consequences of his crime. I went to my client and told him that restitution would probably result in his release, but I was forced to add the information which I had received from Mrs. Ramsdell in the most positive manner that the published list of the stolen jewels was correct. His only reply was this:

"They ain't doing right by me."

I could not get him to explain that statement nor to say anything upon the subject except that he wanted a day or two for consideration. Surely if it had not been for pretty Mrs. Ramsdell's influence upon me and the memory of her great joy at the prospect of receiving her own again I should have had nothing further to do with the affairs of Stanley Montagu.

To make a long story short, I spent more than five weeks in negotiating for the return of those diamonds. I would bring Montagu almost to the point, and then he would slip back again. He would declare that he was being tricked or would insist that one or another of the articles mentioned in the printed list had not been in the robbed safe.

Finally the man coolly told me that he was dissatisfied with my conduct as his counsel and had decided to get another lawyer. I was discharged from the case, and a shrewd little rat of the law whose reputation is not of the best was engaged in my place. The interview which I had with the Ramsdells afterward was harrowing. I had raised their hopes only to dash them down again.

Meanwhile Montagu had been indicted, and an early day had been set for the trial. Old Ben Bricks, my successor in the case, made no move to open negotiations with the Ramsdells.

Upon the trial, which you may be sure that I attended, Montagu pleaded not guilty with a bold front. Now, to tell the truth, the district attorney's case was not strong. His knowledge that Montagu was negotiating for a return of the plunder had prevented him from working up the evidence. But that knowledge could not be used in court. With me it was a professional secret, and nobody else knew anything about it except as a matter of hearsay. The district attorney's people and the police knew only what Ramsdell had said, and that was not evidence.

Yet, considering that Montagu had been seen laughing about the house, that some trifles from the plunder had been found in his room and that he was a known thief, it seemed to me that a conviction might be expected. But to my utter amazement Montagu produced absolutely unimpeachable evidence of his innocence. A very respectable family—father, mother and three children—backed by a visitor or two, swore positively that Montagu had been in their house during the entire evening of the robbery. They had known him under a different name and had had no idea of his real character; neither had they guessed that their friend was the prisoner under arrest for the Ramsdell burglary until the day before the trial, when they were so informed by his attorney.

There was no doubt that these witnesses were telling the truth, and it became a physical impossibility that Montagu should have been the actual burglar. As to the jewelry found in his room, the evidence of servants in the house where he lodged was introduced to show that a mysterious man had got in with some plausible excuse during Montagu's absence and that upon my former client's return he had com-

I ENTERED WITH A REVOLVER IN MY HAND.

plained that the door of his room, which he had locked on going out, was ajar.

The absurdly conspicuous position of the jewelry in the room also had its effect upon the jury, as indicating conspiracy. It became clear that the fellow might have cleared himself immediately after arrest if he had chosen to do so.

Nothing else but an acquittal was possible, and Montagu left the court a free man. I left it a very much puzzled and fiercely angry man, for beyond a doubt I had been made a tool by this rascal for some purpose which I could only conjecture. The Scotch-Irish obstinacy which I inherited from my grandfather asserted itself, and this fellow Montagu became to me as if he had been my natural food and I a beast of prey.

When he left the court building I was on his track, and for an hour or more I had some interesting experiences in "shadowing." It became obvious to me presently that another person whom I recognized as a detective of the regular police was also on Montagu's trail, and Montagu must have perceived it also, for he began to dodge and double and finally "shook" us in a manner really quite clever.

For some minutes I watched the detective madly rushing around the neighborhood. It was futile, and upon a sudden inspiration I went into a barber's shop and had my beard removed. Then I bought a hat of a style that I had never worn before and a rather "loud" overcoat. After these precautions I rode in a cab to a railroad station, where, to give myself confidence in my own judgment, I immediately bought a ticket for Chicago. A few minutes later I was aboard a train, riding in the same car with Stanley Montagu. I rode with him all the way to Chicago, followed his trail with great difficulty for a few hours in that city and eventually traced him to a hotel where I was fortunate enough to secure the next room to his.

My first act was to bore a hole through the partition, and by means of this aperture I was presently able to observe a confidential and very joyous interview between Montagu and another man, who divided with my former client an enormous roll of money. The other man was Warren Ramsdell.

The game then became perfectly clear. When jewels of great value are stolen their description is flashed all over the world, and their sale becomes very difficult. But by associating himself with a known criminal and by putting up a job by which it would immediately appear that that criminal had the jewels and could be induced to return them, Ramsdell had stopped all the usual precautions and had made the sale of the jewels easy and safe.

Having heard the conversation of these rascals, I stepped around to the hall door of their room and kicked it open. I entered with a revolver in my hand and a perfect readiness to shoot somebody gleaming from my eye. This state of feeling is always perceptible and never fails to have its effect upon the other parties concerned.

The result was that I obtained a complete record of the disposal of the jewels, by means of which all except a very few of the smallest were subsequently recovered. But, after all, my mysterious client escaped punishment, for Mr. Ramsdell felt obliged to shield his own brother, and the case against the two thieves never came to trial.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING." $5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczemas, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.
DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

RAILWAY MILEPOSTS.

They Are of Use In Locating Accidents Along the Road.

"Will you explain just the practical benefit of mileposts along a railroad track?" asked an inquisitive traveler of the superintendent as they flew past one of the white painted posts.

"So far as the general public is concerned," replied the superintendent, "I don't suppose that mileposts are of any particular benefit. The traveler can tell by looking out of the car window how far he is from the terminal points, but in that he is not greatly interested.

"Some people like to figure out from the mileposts how far they have traveled or how far they have to go, and there are not a few who like to time the speed of trains by the mileposts. But that is not what the posts are for. In the office of the division superintendent is a profile or diagram showing the location of every one of these posts.

"If an accident occurs, a rail breaks, a car lets down or anything out of the ordinary happens between stations the superintendent is notified of the proximity of the mishap to some particular milepost, and thus the spot can be located, and men are sent there at once, and they can go in a hurry; for they know where the place is. Otherwise they would have to move slowly between stations until the spot was found, and this means a loss of time much more valuable than the price of the mileposts, and it would be pretty hard to railroad successfully without them."—Boston Transcript.

Utilizing the Cat.

Making her cat act as her plumber was the ingenious feat that a woman of Manayunk accomplished the other day. This woman had noticed that one of the pipes connected with the washstand in her bathroom leaked, and she wished to locate the leak precisely without tearing out any more of the wall than was needful.

Accordingly she shut her cat up in her parlor—the parlor is directly below the bathroom—and into the basin of the defective washstand she poured a vial of the oil of valerian. Cats are excessively fond of the odor of valerian. A cat would rather inhale this odor than eat fish. The Manayunk woman's cat after it had been in the parlor a few minutes began to purr. Purring, it crossed the room. It settled itself on the floor with its face to one spot on the wall, and there its mistress found it when she came downstairs, its nose glued to the spot, sniffing and purring ecstatically.

The wall was opened at this point, and there, sure enough, the leak was found. Here the valerian had trickled through, imparting its intoxicating odor to the cat.—Philadelphia Record.

Curiosities About Dentistry.

Those who imagine that the care of the teeth and the replacement of the natural grinders with false ones is "something new under the sun" may be surprised to learn that artificial teeth were made of ivory, placed on plates of the same material and held together and in place by gold wires and rivets 500 to 1,000 years before Christ. Herodotus, "the father of history," tells us that the Egyptians of the fifth dynasty understood the diseases of the teeth and their treatment. There are several passages in history to lead one to the belief that both Cæsar and Antony wore artificial teeth.

The date of the introduction of false teeth into Europe is uncertain. They were known in England as early at least as the time of the discovery of America. "The Mathematical Jewel," published in 1585, contains an account of Sir John Balgrave, "who caused all of his teethe to be drawne out and after had a sett of ivory teethe in agayne."

John Allen's Wit.

While in congress "Private" John Allen of Mississippi could hardly be induced to give a serious answer to a serious question. The older members knew this and seldom went to the southern wit for information, but new men often came to grief by doing so. Shortly after Mr. Littlefield of Maine had taken his seat for his first term he wanted some figures in a hurry. Turning to Mr. Allen, he said: "Pardon me, sir, but you were at Gettysburg. Can you tell me how many Federal soldiers were killed outright there?" "I am very sorry, very sorry, indeed, that I can't accommodate you," replied the "private." "But the fact is that I was so busy that I clean forgot to count my shots."

The Stereotyped Form.

McJigger—Have you heard from Jokley since he went to Africa?

Thingumbob—He sent me two little lion cubs the other day.

McJigger—The ideal! Any message?

Thingumbob—A card tied to the neck of one of them, which read, "I hope these few lions will find you well."—Philadelphia Press.

One Good Reason.

"No, Jimmie, I am not going to Maggie Mulligan's party! The Mulligans ain't in our set, an' I don't like Maggie, an' I've got nuthin' to wear, an' besides, I ain't been invited, anyhow!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

True Refinement.

Silas Sopshut (to footman)—Now, John, before it is time for our guests to arrive I want you to go down to the finger post at the bend of the road and put a white kid glove on it.

Willie's Bedtime.

Willie—Pa, if a war ship is called "she" why isn't it a woman-of-war?

Father—It's your bedtime, Willie.—Boston Post.

An orator or author is never successful until he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—Emerson.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank C. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimins, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broderer.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Rasmer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. P. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, E. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—I. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judges of Election—G. A.——ncKus.
Inspectors of Election—O. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 360, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUSCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
N. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 327, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. DURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Bankus block, at 7:30 P. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. NELLIE I. DIBVER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 12:45 p. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Fort Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:01 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:05 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:05 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m. week days, (11:58 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 5, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 05	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 16
10 25	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 50	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:02 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:05 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

5:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg Ridgway, Emporium, Gorlsburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address D. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Time Table No 19. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:50	6:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	6:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:30	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:30	6:31	Hazlehurst	7:26	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	6:37	Marvindale	7:20	11:38	4:12
5:21	2:00	6:40	Kasson	7:16	11:34	4:10
5:26	2:07	6:47	Comes	7:10	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	6:55	Smethport	7:00	11:19	3:55
				p. m.		
5:51	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:00	11:10	3:30
6:06	2:07	9:26	Mull n	7:00	11:05	3:24
6:09	2:38	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:06	11:07	3:25
6:14	2:45	9:31	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

C OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.55	2.00	Cromell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.45	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.20	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.35	6.10	1.12	Prinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersp't	0	3.26	10.55
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.39	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.27	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	8.29	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Ft. Allegany	9.02	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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ON THE EDGE OF BOHEMIA

By W. W. RINES

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Her favorite expression when speaking of herself was "by way of being a Bohemian." She thought it rather a neat phrase. This did no great harm since her clear gray eyes mirrored a soul so spotlessly white that you knew the lure of Bohemia was unknown ground to it.

Her trade was painting and her output consisted of the most part of wintry landscapes and little marines in tones of dolorous gray. They were ill drawn, and the coloring often left much to be desired, but try as she would to make them realistic some things of her own divinity, appealing personality crept into each picture and spoiled it.

For the rest she was a devout little church woman, with a leaning toward ritualism and a taste for discovering unappreciated genius where none existed.

And that was what she thought him to be—a genius.

He was a handsome man. At least he believed he was, and many women agreed with him. The land of dirt, debt and doubtful morality—or Bohemia—was familiar territory to him.

A wife, staid, placid and middle aged, the possessor of a moderate income, insured his escape from the dirt and the debt, but, lacking these two important requisites, he had established a firm foothold in Bohemia.

The yoke of financial dependence did not weigh heavily upon him. He felt that in serving him his wife was happiest, and he made her life as pleasant as he could without interfering with his own personal comfort and amusements. He was as amiable at home as he was immaterial in the scheme of domestic economy.

But the girl mistook his dissipation of energy for the eccentricity of genius and burned incense to the figment of her imagination. The incense was to his liking, so he introduced her to his Bohemia.

She was quite willing to go. Perhaps all unconsciously she was learning to follow where power led. A sign of the times was the change in her work. She turned slowly but surely from landscape to figures and placed the figures always one face, a striking, interesting face with clearly defined eyebrows, olive coloring and thin, ascetic lips, and, love guiding the brush, painted out every hard line. She painted the head of a woman, too, a woman whose face held the anticipation of a joy too

THEY HAD BEEN DINING AT THE GONDOLIERS.

tender for expression in words, a radiance which illumined the eyes and made the lips seem almost a-tremble with happiness she could not hide.

It was just at this time that he invited her into Bohemia. He felt it to be the psychic moment.

They had been dining at the Gondoliers. A certain clique gathered there Saturday night, and after dinner there was an impromptu programme presented by men and women whom the public knew best through the columns of the illustrated press.

Her head was in quite a whirl from having seen so many notables, as she termed them, between courses. It ached a bit, too, from trying to drink the various bad wines which seemed to come as a matter of course with the soup, roast entree and salad. She had decided that as she was really in Bohemia she might as well drop childish things and sit with her elbows on the table, as the other women did. But she declined the cigarette he offered.

A square shouldered Hercules had just finished singing a ditty which he had written for a current Broadway attraction and was resuming his place at the table opposite their own, when the man, lighting a fresh cigarette, remarked: "Clever chap, that. Used to trot in the smart set quite a little until he had that trouble with his wife. Fellows in this sort of business oughtn't to marry."

She looked at him in mild surprise. "Are most of these men married?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of 'em. More's the pity."

"And their wives are home alone?"

"My dear girl, you don't understand. The average woman does not make the least effort to understand, to cultivate, the man she marries. I know a chap who meant to make something of himself, but he paused to get married, and he never did anything. He wanted to go into new countries and build railroads and pave the way for civilization. She wanted to buy new frocks and go to afternoon teas and be president of her club. At first he rebelled, then pleaded, then stayed with her. After that he didn't care much. He tried to do many things, wrote a bit, painting some, studying medicine. But he was bored just the same.

"Then he met a girl who changed all that. She was sympathetic. She understood somehow that his life had been a failure, and the spark still glowed far back of the cloak of boredom. She tried to fan it into a brave flame once more. But she succeeded only in starting a new fire. He loved her, and he knew it. She loved him, but she did not know it. He knows that if they go away together he will forget the old life and the shadow of failure. But he is not sure how she will take it when she learns the truth"—

He bent forward eagerly, so eagerly that had she looked into his eyes she must have read truth there. But she did not glance his way. Her eyes were fixed on something he could not see in the space that stretched beyond clouds of smoke, swaying fronds and garishly decorated walls. Then she turned upon him a glance so utterly impersonal that he was abashed.

"I wasn't thinking of him, no, nor of his foolish, selfish wife. I was thinking of the girl. If she thinks that she can make him all that she wants him to be, if she believes in him—thinks what it means to her? Tell him"—and her tones were the eager ones now—"tell him never to let her know the truth. Tell him to pass out of her life. Better that she live idealizing his memory than die knowing the reality."

His glass went spinning to the ground. The forgotten champagne sparkled and snapped as it leaped down the folds of her silk skirt. His apologies seemed more elaborate than the occasion demanded, and then he rose and reached for her coat.

At the door of her studio he left her. She held out her hand.

"It has been a delightful evening—I owe you so many pleasant hours, the pleasantest that come into my life. You will drop in tomorrow? I want you to see my new picture in a good light."

He looked into the clear depths of her gray eyes. She did not know.

"Not tomorrow, but perhaps the next day. Good night, and—thanks."

Killing Ants With Cannon.

Artillery charged with grapeshot has been employed to destroy great fortresses which the termitos or warrior ants have made in many tropical countries.

In South Africa the termites work enormous havoc. They live in a republic of their own, and some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queens, however, have none.

The workmen construct the buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become, in point of fact, mere egg laying machines, which have to remain tied to one spot.

Their nesting homes are often twenty feet high and pyramidal in shape. Cattle climb upon them without crushing them. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers, and native hunters often lie in wait inside them when out after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon and which run three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be 500 times as high as the ant's body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

City of Crocodiles.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient cities. Of the various "cities of crocodiles," the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service."

This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and palm trees grow almost into forests.

Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh-built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference.

This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was burned in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed Labyrinth at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

Virtue of Potatoes.

One morning early we began to plant the shrubs. "Where will ye have the rosy dandrums?" was my greeting from Thomas as I entered the garden. Having noticed from the breakfast table that he had slyly buried something at the bottom of each hole prepared for the planting, I awaited my chance the first minute he was out of sight, dropped on my knees, felt around in the soft soil at the bottom of the hole and unearthed a potato. Another hole and still another was examined. Yes; there was a potato in each. He must have wasted a bushel.

"Thomas," I said when he had returned with a load from the compost heap, "what are these potatoes doing down here?"

"Divil a tree will grow in Oireland without wan," he explained.

"How is that?" I asked in darkest ignorance.

"Ye see, mum, the patatey sprouts furst off; thin, begorrah, it lifts the loife into the tree and obliges it to push up forninst." As a matter of fact, we did not lose a tree or shrub in spite of the long drought.—Country Life in America.

NONSMOKERS HEALTHIER.

People Who Do Not Use Tobacco Develop More Rapidly.

"There is an easy way, if you are a cigarette smoker, to tell whether or not the habit injures you," said a physician. "Do you feel, after smoking, a languor, a sinking and a great depression? Do you feel melancholy, hopeless, weak? If you do you should abandon smoking at once.

"The tendency of tobacco is to weaken the action of the heart. But in very strong, robust persons this weakening effect is very slight. It is not felt at all, and these persons tobacco cannot be said to injure. But in persons whose hearts and constitution are frail the effect is strongly felt, the symptoms being those that I have just described, and such persons ought not to smoke."

This specialist has tabulated the records of all the smoking and nonsmoking medical students of his acquaintance for a period of nine years. He has found that the smokers are shorter in stature than the nonsmokers and that they do not develop as well. In the course of four years nonsmokers gain 24 per cent more in height and 20 per cent more in chest girth than the smokers. The former, too, are quicker than the latter. They learn quicker, walk quicker—excel in the speed of all the physical and mental acts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Remedy For Snake Bite.

There is a most remarkable account of the exploring trip of an orchid hunter named Andre Dugon in unknown part of Venezuela. The party met with terrible hardships and privation, and only about half of them got back to civilization. They were in continual danger from snakes, and the native remedies, the only ones at hand, were severe ones. One day Mateo Ramirez, one of the men walking through the jungle, was bitten just above the ankle by a snake. Andre suspected that the bite was not poisonous, but Mateo was in mortal terror and allowed his friends to subject him to a remedy worse than the disease. Throwing him to the ground, they wound a strong creeper around his thigh until it cut into the flesh and then burned the wound with a live coal until the patient shrieked in agony. Chewed tobacco and crushed garlic were afterward rubbed in and the wound bound up. The snake bite was cured, but the poor victim suffered for many days from the remedy.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Poor Chinese Wife.

A Chinese wife is not exactly to be envied, for she is under the authority not merely of her husband, but also of his mother. A book on Chinese etiquette gives rules which show pretty clearly how utterly subject a woman is to her mother-in-law. Here are a few of them: "When your mother-in-law sits you should stand. Obey her orders quickly. Rise early in the morning and open the doors quietly, taking care to make no noise to waken her. Hasten to prepare her toilet articles, retire and prepare for tea. Take it to her quickly and cheerfully, and then arrange the breakfast table. Place the chopsticks straight, boil the rice soft, and let the meal be thoroughly done. Prepare the meals thus carefully thrice daily. When darkness comes and your great one desires to sleep, spread the bed, when she may peacefully rest and you may retire to your room."

Examples of Terseness.

Perhaps the tersest and most effective election speech ever made, says a London weekly, was that of Mr. John Peel at Accrington, when at last, and after the most urgent solicitation, he was induced to address there the electors of northeast Lancashire. "Men of Accrington, if you are so backward in coming forward, we shall all be behind as we were before." The only deliverance comparable with this in terseness and effectiveness was the sermon of Dean Swift's, which, taking as its text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," began and ended thus: "Brethren, if you like the security down with the dust!"

Not Used to Pulling Corks.

A slight fire occurred on the fourth floor of a downtown establishment. An Irishman was at work on the same floor at the time the blaze started, and after it was put out Pat was called into the private office of the manager.

"Pat, why didn't you try to put that fire out yourself? You could easily have extinguished it with a hand grenade; there's plenty of them up there," said the manager.

"Well, sor," returned Pat, "I had four of them on the case, but I couldn't get the corks out in time, begorra."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

One Thing Settled.

"Grace is greatly worried. She can't decide where to go on her bridal tour."

"When is she to be married?"

"The date hasn't been fixed yet."

"Whom is she going to wed?"

"That's another detail that is yet to be arranged. But she has her trousseau all planned."—Kansas City Journal.

A Tartar Proverb.

A Turko-Tartar proverb throws light on the question of the amount of veracity to be looked for in official documents by orientals. The proverb runs as follows: "He who speaks the truth will be expelled from nine villages."

Comment.

"I thought I could get along without glasses awhile longer, but I find I can't."

"Yes? It was an optical illusion."—Smart Set.

However numerous may be the opportunities of life they are never discovered by those who keep their eyes shut and their hands idle.—Maxwell's Talisman.

HOW CAPTAIN JONES ROSE UP

By JOHN GAYLOR

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Captain Thomas Jones of the Red X Steamship company in general and the steamer Carib in particular had risen to this position of second mate from roustabout and from second mate to chief officer and finally to captain, but he wasn't looked upon as full blown yet. He was a humble looking man, and he was not given to long speeches, but for some reason the steamship company had an idea that should an emergency arise Captain Jones would rise to it and do them honor. If his crews didn't agree with the officials of the company it was because they were hustled about so lively and worked so hard that they hadn't time to study him. It was sufficient for them that he always stuck by his mates, right or wrong, and he had a way of backing them up with belaying pins and other

HE ORDERED CAPTAIN JONES TO TROT OUT THE DESERTERS.

hard wood substances that never left the referee a chance to call the affair a draw.

The Carib was in the South American trade. When a steamer captain goes into the South American trade he is prepared for almost anything that comes along. This includes typhoons and revolutions. Captain Jones had met several typhoons. He had also passed through several revolutions, and yet his opportunity for rising to an occasion had not arrived. The typhoons had found a stanch ship to deal with, and the dictators and revolutionists had been careful to keep their hands off American property. In fact, no matter which side was on top or how many would be dictators were in the field, the whole boiling of them looked for the Red X steamers to bring them the necessary munitions of war, and to interfere with them was to kill the golden goose.

During a certain year, while the Carib was making her trip to New York and return the people rose against the dictator of one of the small states. The dictator meanwhile had looted the treasury and got away to France. Several new men wanted to take his place, but after a few days of stabbing and throat cutting the number of candidates was reduced to two, and naturally enough they were the worst of the lot. One of them held the capital city and chief port as the Carib steamed in, and the other was fighting to get in. The man who was in wanted the help of the people to hold his job, and he was impressing everything that could fire a gun. He didn't attempt to meddle with the Carib at first beyond declaring her cargo contraband of war and figuring up what his share of the loot would come to; but, catching seven of her crew ashore, he marched them to the intrenchments, put guns in their hands and gave them the choice of shooting at the enemy or being shot themselves. They began wasting his precious ammunition at once, but one day proved to be a sufficiency for them, and at night they deserted and returned to the steamer.

You can't take seven men out of the short handed crew of a steamer without their being missed. Captain Jones missed his seven, and when he heard of the high handed proceedings he got ready for trouble. The deserters had had the good sense to bring their guns along and a few more were scared up after a hunt. Steam pipes were fitted and run to the gangways, barricades erected here and there, and when daylight came next morning the Carib looked like a cross between Noah's ark and a man-of-war.

The dictator didn't lose any time sending for his deserters. He needed their services, and his message was to the effect that they must be given up within thirty minutes or he would open fire on the steamer. Then it was that the latent something in Captain Jones began to rise. He consigned the dictator to a climate where redhotness prevails the year round, and with his own hands he flung the arrogant messenger upon the wharf. Half an hour later the dictator appeared in person. He was backed by 200 soldiers, and his mien was that of a conqueror as he ordered Captain Jones to trot out the deserters.

"Now hear me," said Captain Jones in reply. "I shall not give up a man. So go ahead and do your worst."

Five minutes later there was a fight on. The dictator's 200 men tried to "rush" the steamer, and half a dozen were killed and a score half cooked by hot steam. Then they posted themselves behind the stone warehouses and swept the steamer's deck with their rifle fire. The dictator then brought up two pieces of cannon, and solid shot tore away the bridge and pilot house and bored their way through the smokestacks and upper cabins. When a score of rounds had been fired Captain Jones said to his chief officer:

"Mr. Merwin, it's time to make a bit of history. Let every man who can stand on his legs fall in behind and follow me."

There were only nineteen. At a signal from the captain they followed him down the gang plank and up the narrow street to where the guns were posted. The dictator was there directing the fire. Before he could realize what was afoot Captain Jones had pulled him from his horse and was shaking him down the street, while the mates led the crew against the artillerists and drove them off and upset the guns. Not a man was lost in the dash, and when the shelter of the steamer was reached the dictator was with them as a prisoner. Leaping up on the shattered rail of the steamer, Captain Jones faced the hundred soldiers howling for his blood and said:

"Listen to me. If another shot is fired at this steamer I'll tie a hundred pounds of iron to the feet of your dictator and drop him overboard!"

There was no more firing. A mob gathered and howled and shrieked and cursed, but it ended at that. At the end of a couple of hours a military officer came aboard under a flag of truce to see what terms could be made. He was met at the gangway by Captain Jones, while the dictator was sulking in the cabin under the eyes of a sentry.

"You want your man, I suppose?" queried the captain as he returned the other's salute.

"Si, senor."

"Well, if you want him to run your side of this old revolution you are a little late. Listen to that!"

There were yelling and cheering and rifle firing all the high the streets above them. Dictator No. 2 had taken advantage of the occasion to advance his troops with a rush and capture the city, and the pickle pumpkin were already changing the color of their flags.

Dables In Rome.

The Romans are devoted to their children, although their ways are not our ways. No woman of the better class nurses her child, baby carriages are unknown and swaddling is still in vogue, at least with the lower classes. I know a young American lady married to a Roman, who imported a perambulator for her first baby. The balia (wet nurse) refused to trundle it, saying she was not strong enough, although I saw her carry a heavy trunk upstairs on her head while I was calling at the house. The baby is now a big eighteen month old boy. Every day the balia goes out to give him an airing, carrying him in her arms. Here leading strings are facts, not symbols. In Trastavere the best sight we saw was a darling red haired baby in leading strings stumbling along in front of its grandmother. In the division of labor the care of the children falls upon the grandmother. The mother's time is too valuable. If she is not actually employed in earning money there is the heavier work of the household to do. To use the pet phrase of the boarders, "things are different here from what they are at home."—Maud Howe in Lippincott's.

Not That Sort.

A good story is told of one of the Cape Town volunteers. He had been at the front for a month or two and was pretty well tired of the endless traveling, lack of rations, etc. So that he considered he was lucky when one day he came across the general, who was doing a tour of inspection.

He shouted: "Hello, mister! You, I want to speak to you!"

The general, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed.

"Well, my man," he said. "What do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the general.

"Well, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted, nearly three months ago."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife in three years!"

The bold hero looked incredulous and then drawled out:

"Oh, but, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"—Glasgow Herald.

Something For Their Money.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the neighborhood of Galashiels, and it was arranged that each of the numerous navvies employed should pay a penny per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or medicine in the case of illness.

During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred.

But, when a severe winter followed, all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to Edinburgh for a further supply.

When that, too, was getting done the doctor one day quietly asked a decent looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our big boots with it!"—London News.

ROASTING MEATS.

A Chef Says the Proper Process Is Almost Unknown.

"A good part of the dyspepsia that prevails in America," said the chef of an exclusive hotel to a Philadelphia Record writer, "is due to the custom of baking instead of roasting meats. We say we roast our meats. We talk glibly of 'roast beef,' 'roast chicken' and so on, but what we should say is 'baked beef' and 'baked chicken,' for anything cooked in an oven is baked, not roasted. We don't talk of roast bread, do we? Yet we cook our meat in the oven as our bread is cooked.

"To roast meat you must cook it on a spit before the fire. You must turn it constantly. Every little while you must baste it. It is in every way better than meat baked. It is tenderer, sweeter and more digestible. Also its appearance is more appetizing, and the appearance of a viand has a tremendous effect on its digestibility.

"Experiment, actual experiment, has shown that the sight of an appetizing dish starts the gastric juice to flowing instantly and that such a dish digests much more quickly and thoroughly than an unappetizing one. Altogether, we ought to go back to the genuine roasting process of our ancestors, and our health would improve and there would be less talk about vegetarianism.

"Of course I and all good chefs actually roast meat. But roasting is with the average cook in the average American house an unknown process."

The Jewels of a Saint.

The idea of sanctity usually carries with it a suggestion of poverty, and it may seem a contradiction to refer to the jewels of a saint. It has been customary for painters who choose for their subjects saints or martyrs to treat them with the utmost simplicity. In a majority of cases they are depicted as devoid of ornament or decoration, and in the few exceptional instances, as when the subject of the picture is a ruler or king, the gems are few and purely symbolic, being sufficient only to denote the rank of the individual portrayed.

Raphael, who was perhaps the greatest painter of religious subjects the world has known, has in most of his works adhered strictly to this rule, but in the head of "St. Cecilia" is to be noticed a departure from it. A row of pearls, to which are attached three pendants, ornaments her gown at the neck, and this is her only jewelry. The hair is simply arranged and without a jewel of any kind. The single row of gems, themselves the emblems of chastity, emphasizes the exquisite simplicity of the face.

What Emerson Wanted.

"Those who knew Mr. Emerson best," said Miss Louisa M. Alcott, "were assured that what seemed the decline of his faculties in his latter years was largely but a seeming. It was only words he could not command at will. His very forgetfulness of the names of things would often give occasion for a flash of his quaint, shrewd wit. I remember once he started for his usual walk, when a light shower came up, and he returned for his umbrella.

"He could not remember the word umbrella and we, who had not noticed the shower, had no clew to what he was searching for. Another walking stick was brought him, another hat, a fresh expedition, only to be refused with that perplexed shake of the head. 'I want,' said he at last—'I want—that thing—that your friends always borrow and never bring back.' Could any one fail to recognize that description?"

Plover's Eggs.

Few people realize that there are other eggs besides those of hens which have enormous commercial value. In England so called "plovers' eggs," which are really those of lapwings, are sent to the city markets from the rural districts by hundreds of thousands. They are esteemed a great delicacy and fetch a very high price, the use of them being for that reason confined almost exclusively to the aristocracy and other luxurious persons. Being only about the size of pigeons' eggs, a good many of them are required to make a dish. Men make a business of gathering them from the nests in marshes and wet fields.—London Standard.

Michael Angelo's Attempt at Suicide.

Michael Angelo, after receiving a painful injury to his leg by falling from a scaffold while at work upon "The Last Judgment," became so melancholy that he shut himself in his room, refused to see any one and "resolved to let himself die." Fortunately his intentions were frustrated by the celebrated physician Baccio Rontini, who learned by accident of his condition.

The Latest College Yell.

"Just as Gladys was preparing to sing 'Douglas, Douglas,' into a phonograph for young Rushmore last night a mouse ran across her ankle."

"What happened?"

"Rushmore swiped the phonograph record, and now his class is said to have the most blood curdling college yell that was ever heard."—Houston Post.

Civic Jealousy.

Visitor—You haven't got half as nice a cemetery here as we have in Elmville.

Prominent Citizen (of Hawville)—No; I've always heard that the cemetery is the only part of your town that holds out any inducements for permanent residents.—Chicago Tribune.

A Feminine Think.

He—Think twice, love, before you refuse me.

She—Why should I think twice?

He—Because, my dear, a woman never thinks twice the same.—London Judy.

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Why Foam Is White.

The question as to why all foam is white is not an easy one to understand, but the fact is that foam is always white, whatever may be the color of the beverage itself. The froth produced on a bottle of the blackest ink is white and would be perfectly so were it not tinged to a certain extent by particles of the liquid which the bubbles hold in mechanical suspension. As to the cause of this whiteness, it is sufficient to say that it is due to the large number of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam, for it is these surfaces which, by reflecting the light, produce upon our eyes the impression of white.

If we remember that all bodies owe their colors to the rays of light which they cannot absorb, and all bodies which reflect all the light they receive, without absorbing any, appear perfectly white, we shall be prepared to understand how the multitude of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam, and which do not absorb any light, must necessarily give the froth a white appearance. It is for the same reason that any very fine powder appears white, even the blackest marble, when ground to dust, losing every trace of its original color.

The Doctor Knew Best.

A Pennsylvania farmer named Hans was subject to some kind of fits which rendered him totally unconscious for hours at a time and on several occasions convinced his good wife that she was a widow. It was pretty generally known that she was by no means averse to the widowed state, for she and the doughty Hans did not live in peace and amity.

One day Hans was stricken as usual. The good wife applied the usual remedies, but this time they failed to revive the unconscious man. A doctor was called, and after a thorough examination he shook his head and said solemnly:

"Dot iss all bed. Hiss iss todt (dead)."

The widow pretended to be overcome with grief, and, leaning over the prostrate form of her husband she wailed:

"Oh, mein Hans iss todt! Mein Hans iss todt!"

But Hans, reviving suddenly, exclaimed:

"Nein, nein! Ich bein nit todt!"

"Hans," said his wife reprovingly, "be still. Der doctor knows best."

Profitable Politeness.

"The custom house nuisance can be greatly abated by a knowledge of foreign manners," says an experienced traveler. "Politeness is not absolutely thrown away even on American custom house officials, and in France it is three-quarters of the battle. The whole secret of getting easily and comfortably through the douane lies in the greatest possible politeness and the least possible appearance of flurry. 'Pardon, monsieur si vous aurez le bonte,' etc., is a safe prelude to a happy and rapid release. If you have nothing to declare say so at once and at the same time begin to open your bags and boxes. In nine cases out of ten this will have the effect of making the officer chalk all your boxes without a word. A little joke, too, about the absurdity of importing anything into so perfect a country as France or some such mild jest will often go far to put you on the best of terms with the douanier. But above all things be polite. Remember that in France you cannot lay it on too thick."

Small Plastic Judgments.

That insects think is the belief of a French neurologist who has been making careful observations of ants and bees. He thinks that between the ideas of the naturalist who regards insects as mere automatons and those of the man who treats them as humanly intelligent, there is a happy medium of common sense, and this he has tried to attain. His observations teach him that, although most of the acts of insects can be explained by instinct, there remain what he calls "small plastic judgments" by which they avoid difficulties and steer their way beyond dangers. The directive faculty of bees especially and their wonderful memory for places can hardly be explained on the theory of automatism.

Plowing the Water.

A curious method of producing platinum is reported to be practiced by the inhabitants along the Tura river, in Tomsk, Siberia. They call it "plowing the water." A raft is constructed, and fastened to it is an inclined gutter of boards, which at its lower end is provided with an iron plow. While floating down the river they scrape or plow its bottom. The sand scraped out falls into the gutter and passes into a tub filled with pine boughs, upon which platinum is deposited. The sand of the Tura river and its tributaries is so rich in platinum that even this primitive production is profitable to the peasants.

"Two Pictures at Once."

A well-known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect.

A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while and then remarked: "Ah, you be a-painting two pictures at once. That's clever." He paused a moment and then blurted out, "I like that picture best, the one you've got your thumb through."—London M. A. P.

A Celebrated Suicide.

Haydon, the celebrated historical painter and writer, overcome by debt, disappointment and ingratitude, laid down the brush with which he was at work upon his last great effort, "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," wrote with a steady hand, "Stretch me no longer upon this rough world," and then with a pistol shot put an end to his unhappy existence.

First Serious Trouble.

Mother—So you and Harry have quarreled, have you, Hortense? What is the matter? Did he find fault with the cooking?

Young Wife (sobbing)—No, m-mamma. My c-cooking suits him well enough, but he s-says I'm—I'm all wrong on the subject of baptism.—Chicago Tribune.

SENSATIONS OF SAM

By Elliot Walker.

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To the casual observer the personal appearance of Sam was far from prepossessing. He was too long, too thin, too red of hair, countenance and neck. From beneath bristling eyebrows of a sandy hue gleamed a pair of small eyes, unnaturally blue and bright. There was a significance about Sam's expression. He impressed a stranger as one who would get mad easily, and, worse, strike violently if irritated. This was an error, as Sam was as mild as milk. His voice, too, was against him. It held a low, thunderous quality, most alarming when taken in connection with other apparent attributes of temper.

If John Simpson, on whose farm Sam assiduously labored, told his menial that a man was fishing in the posted brook in the meadow, Sam went over right away and made what to him seemed a polite and gentlemanly request to depart from forbidden ground.

One invitation always sufficed, unless the angler appeared to know Sam. In that case a parley ensued and the bellicose looking guardian returned to his master with one invariable report:

"Ain't ketchin' nothin'! Won't do no harm, I guess."

If Mr. Simpson, a little man whose lower teeth overlapped what was left of the upper ones, thought differently he would sometimes interview the trespasser with a horsewhip. It depended upon mood and a careful calculation of the offender's probable physical activity; but this has nothing to do with Lura Belle Wilcox.

Miss Wilcox, who was short, dark and vivacious, now came over three times a week and assisted Mrs. Simpkins, who a month before had unfortunately sprained her thumb in an effort to use that member as a staff to her 187 pounds when she fell down the back stairs. The thumb after proving its incapacity in the sustaining relation immediately swelled to twice its natural size.

Sam at the first introduction bent his eyes upon the piquant features of Miss Wilcox in a glare of admiration. Lura shrank. Then he spoke. Lura visibly shuddered. It was not until Sam smiled that she recovered her equanimity and appetite, both unquestionably good.

The smile of Sam was remarkable for good nature and extension. It came quickly and quivered away just this side of his ears, transfiguring his repellent aspect to one of unbounded amity and good will.

Before this transformation steadied the nerves of Lura she mentally decided that it would take just fifteen minutes, for unalterable arrangements of departure. After three of these bewildering facial displays she admitted to herself that Sam was not a bad looking man.

"HOLD ON!" EXPOSTULATED MISS WILCOX, RETAINING HIS HAND.

Their social status was about on a par. Lura Belle worked out. Sam worked round. The distinction was practically invisible, the odds if any being in favor of Miss Wilcox.

Sentiment had never troubled the healthy makeup of Samuel. He simply craved universal liking without regard to sex. Nothing was ever any trouble, and it is unnecessary to state that he was kept busy.

Lura Belle had a dream book and when Sam let fall his load in the wood box was consulting it studiously in the twilight by the window.

"Ye'll spoil them black eyes of yourn," growled the man humorously, brushing bits of bark from his arm. "What yer got thar?"

"A dream book," replied Miss Wilcox coyly, putting the volume behind her. "Nothin' ter int'rest yo, I guess."

"What's it fer? Ter cure nightmares?" Sam shifted over to the window in curiosity.

"Gracious, no! It tells what's goin' ter happen from the dreams a person has, an' all about signs."

"Gee! That ain't a bad idee. Anything in it about cures for mean feelin's? I'm a-lookin' for somethin' of thet sort."

"I—I guess so," hesitated the girl. "What sort of feelin's? Pains?"

"Waal, not exactly pains. It's a kinder goneness comes over me lately about in the pit of my stomach. 'Tain't really unpleasant, but sorter weakenin'. I'm a notchin' of it now."

"I'll look it up," said Miss Wilcox with a comprehensive glance. "Go on about yer chores. If ye ever hev any dreams I'll tell yer thar meanin'."

"Hev 'em ev'ry night 'most," grinned Sam, going out, "but ye hunt in perticler fer this feelin' thet's bothering me. It kinder ketches my breath."

Lura Belle gazed after him serenely. "Ain't he a fool?" she thought with a rapturous smile. "I see what ails him' him ten days ago. Dear me! I'm afraid I've ketched the same trouble, Waal! I'm the one fer him. He hadn't orter be playin' fetch an' carry fer Simpson—a smart man like him. With my $400 in the bank an' me he'd hev a farm of his own purty soon. Jest wait till tomorrer night."

"Hey any dreams?" she inquired coquettishly the following evening. "Set down. The old folks is upstairs."

"Waal, I did," returned Sam, smiling, "an' a good one. 'Twas about a calf runnin' round a lot an' buntin' his head. Did ye look up that other thing? It's worried me bad terday."

Lura peeked in her book. "Here 'tis," she announced solemnly. "Oneasy sensations, onexpected sighin's; warm an' cold creepin's"—

"Thet's the article!" cried Sam, pulling his chair nearer. "Ye've got it, Lura Belle. Kin ye read by thet light?"

"Oh, yes. Lemme see—sign of a distressed heart."

"Gosh!" ejaculated the startled sufferer. "My grandther died of heart disease."

"You won't, I guess," consoled his adviser. "Lemme take yer hand a minute. There!" running her fingers across the great red palm. "Life line's good fer forty years, barrin' accidents. Feel any wuss?"

"By cracky, I do!" exclaimed Sam anxiously. "My heart is a-beatin' now. I tell ye, I'm goin' ter see a doctor right away."

"Hold on!" expostulated Miss Wilcox, retaining the formidable hand. "Ye dreamed of a calf runnin' an' buntin'. Here 'tis. Thet's a sign—oh, my!" bending her eyes on the page. "What a queer—waal, I s'pose I'll hev ter read it. It says—it says"—

"Go ahead!" cried Samuel. "I must be goin'."

"It says," went on the exponent of mysticism in a trancelike tone, "thet the dreamer weds a maiden short, plump an' of jovin' disposition, dark hair an' eyes, pug nose, red cheeks an' —an'—a leetle mole on the left corner of her chin."

"Lura Belle, thet's ye!" gasped the man in an illumination of joy and astonishment.

He reached out a long arm and drew her to him.

Miss Wilcox nestled her head on the big, bony shoulder.

"Thet's me, Sam!" she whispered happily and dropped the dream book.

Joss Making in China.

Joss making is very simple. The manufacturer's chief stock in trade consists of wooden or metal molds. In these the wet clay is put into shape and allowed to dry. It is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. The average workman can turn out 100 a day. The clay is kaolin, running from red and gray to snow white, and costs about a cent per pound. The glaze is melted in a small charcoal furnace.

The wages of a good artist vary from 20 to 40 cents per day. The cost of a fair sized image is about 3 cents. He sells it for about 5 cents to a native and for as high as $5 to the credulous European or American tourist. The molding, touching and retouching are the same in all shops. The glazing varies indefinitely. It may be opaque, of any color; transparent, but tinted with any shade desired, or clear and colorless. The best work is made by painting the clay with heavy white paint and dipping in the glaze last described. In another kind of good work the clay is colored in caustic colors, kept in the heat until they have set and then glazed as usual. The Chinese are very skillful in this field of labor and with fine brushes will turn out josses that at first sight might be taken for cloisonne.

Carrier Pigeons In Olden Days.

From the earliest dawn of history the dove or pigeon has been associated with messages, and its employment in that capacity has been developed successively by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Mussulmans and Christians. Diodorus Siculus mentions the carriage of letters by them; so do Anacreon and Pliny. Tradition says that a victor at the Olympian games used a pigeon to carry the tidings to his home. The pigeons of Aleppo were the couriers at Alexandretta and Bagdad.

Perhaps the most interesting and certain evidence of their use in old times is a piece of sculpture shown in Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians." The king is represented as having assumed the double crown of upper and lower Egypt, while a priest is letting loose four pigeons with messages concerning the coronation of King Rameses III. to go north, south, east and west of the kingdom.

In the fifteenth century pigeons were employed successfully as messengers in times of war.

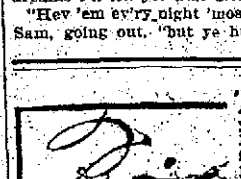
A Cynic's Analysis of Woman.

"Female lives are 10.6 per cent better risks than male lives," says the Chicago health department. "Why don't insurance agents take advantage of this fact?"

If a woman is willing to take out insurance there is a strong probability that she knows that her health is in danger.

If a man who knew that his health was in danger should apply for insurance his conscience would hurt him. A woman's conscience, however, is seldom as vigorous as her intuition. Her intuition is the proud guiding star of her existence. And when her intuition begins to operate in a field which is as unfamiliar to her as insurance its mandates are irresistible.

The conclusion seems to be, therefore, that in general the women who don't get insured are good risks and the women who do get insured are bad risks.—Chicago Tribune.



Affords better opportunities for capable, ambitious, energetic young people than any other department of human activity. The **Rochester Business Institute has a national reputation** for thorough work, and its graduates are in constant demand. Many times during the last year the managers were compelled to say to applicants for young men and women to fill genteel, remunerative positions: "Nobody to send—the supply is exhausted." Catalogue free. Rochester, N. Y.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale to the court House, in the Borough of Smethport,

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: Known as lot number one hundred and eighty-three (183) of Whitney and Wheeler's addition to Bradford as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton, 1877-78, being known as number twenty-four (24) Water street, map of said survey being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book No. "22" at page 40, and being the same premises conveyed by Thomas Osborne and Sophia H. Osborne, his wife, to Oscar Berggren by deed dated September 8, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book No. "92" at page 305, etc. Improved and having thereon one two-story and attic frame dwelling house, one small one-story frame building and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Oscar Bergvall at the suit of Swift & Company.

Brown & Schoonmaker, plaintiff's attys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3290, being lot No. 34 on Chestnut street, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the south line of Chestnut street (twenty-five feet from the centre thereof) south eighty-eight degrees east fifty and two one hundredths (S. 88 degrees E. 50.02) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 36 south about one hundred thirty (130) feet to a post; thence parallel to Pine Avenue by an alley west fifty (50) feet to a post; thence parallel to Edgar street by lot No. 32 North about one hundred thirty (130) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 6500 sq. ft. more or less. Assurveyed by T. L. Kane in September, 1898, being the same premises which Elizabeth M. Kane by indenture bearing date the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1899, for the consideration therein mentioned did grant and confirm to the said Katherine K. Sullivan (party hereto) her heirs and assigns forever; and this grant is made subject to all the restrictions, reservations and rights therein contained.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, seven rooms, well pump on rear porch, frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Johanna Born at the suit of Katherine K. Sullivan.

Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of Warrant 2708 and part of a piece of land conveyed to Nels Nelson from Elizabeth B. Kane by deed bearing date the 29th day of September A. D. 1888, in the office for recording deeds in Smethport, McKean County, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southwest corner of land of Andrew Anderson on the east side of McClellan avenue; thence along line of said McClellan avenue sixty-five (65) feet south to a post in northwest corner of land now or formerly of Nels Nelson; thence east along line of land of said Nels Nelson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north along land of the said Nels Nelson sixty-five (65) feet to a post in the southeast corner of lot of land of Andrew Anderson; thence west along lot of the said Andrew Anderson one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, being the same land conveyed by Nels Nelson and wife to Ellen W. Sylvander by deed dated January 6th, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 109, page 198, etc.

This conveyance is made subject to the reservations as to oil and gas found in above deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellen W. Sylvander and M. A. Sylvander, her husband, at the suit of Kinzua Building Loan Association.

H. S. Rogers, plaintiff attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2290, being lot No. 13 of the plot of the Parkside Land and Improvement Co. on Pinesta avenue, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pinesta avenue one hundred (100) feet north of the northwest corner of said Pinesta avenue and Elm street; thence by the said west line of Pinesta avenue north fifty feet to a post; thence at right angles to said street west one hundred and ninety-five feet to a post in the east line of an alley sixty feet wide; thence by the said east line of alley south fifty feet to a post; thence east one hundred ninety-five feet to the place of beginning. Containing 9750 square feet more or less, and being the premises conveyed to B. G. Scott by E. H. McCleery Trustee, by deed dated the 10th day of July, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 112, page 500, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of B. G. Scott at the suit of Shaffer & Shaffer for use M. & L. Schriever now for use of W. H. Bunce.

E. G. Anderson, plaintiff's attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of Haines and Dawson streets, and running thence east eighty-five (E. 85 ft.) feet along the south side of Haines street; thence south forty (S. 40 ft.) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence west eighty-five (W. 85 ft.) feet along land owned by P. W. McHale; thence north along the east side of Dawson street forty feet to the place of beginning (N. 40 ft.). Containing three thousand and four hundred square feet (3,400) more or less, being the same land conveyed to Thomas J. Swan by P. W. McHale and wife and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deed's of McKean County, November 24th, 1899.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Thomas J. Swan at the suit of P. W. McHale and The Bradford Building Loan and Savings Association.

T. J. Dolphin, Chas. E. Judd, plaintiffs' attorneys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated on Old Lot No. 146, in Warrant 3300, in Bradford Township, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the center of the highway known as the DeGolia cross road, and at the southeast corner of lands of B. F. Leidy; thence northwesterly by the western line of the said Leidy lot two hundred twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to an iron post at Leidy's northeast corner; thence south seventy-six degrees east (S. 76 degrees E.) parallel with the highway, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet more or less, to an iron post at the northwest corner of lands heretofore conveyed by the within named parties of the first part (Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake) to Jennie H. Thayer; thence southwesterly by the western line of the said Jennie H. Thayer lot, and parallel with the first line, two hundred and twenty-nine and three-tenths (229.3) feet to a point in the center of the highway; thence north seventy-six degrees west (N. 76 degrees W.) by the center of the highway, one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. Containing sixty-six one-hundredths of one acre of land (.66); as per survey of Frank M. Wagster, surveyor; and being the same land conveyed to be sold by Lorenzo Drake and Rhoda Drake, his wife, to Frank A. Thayer by Agreement dated October 27th, 1898.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. A. Thayer at the suit of D. H. Jack.

D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the northeast corner of Davis and Boylston streets, and running thence northerly along the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point; thence eastwardly in a line parallel with the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to a point; thence southerly in a line parallel with the east line of Davis street seventy-eight (78) feet to a point in the north line of Boylston street; thence westerly along the north line of Boylston street thirty-seven (37) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon erected a large frame building partly three and partly two stories high.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Centre Hose Company at the suit of Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing Company.

W. E. Bortles, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania described as follows: Beginning at a post on the north side of Moffett avenue one hundred (100) feet from the east side of Walsh street, on the southwest corner of lot No. 22; thence northerly one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet to lands sold to Mrs. Osmer; thence westerly forty-one (41) feet to lands formerly of J. C. Hopper; thence southerly eighty (80) feet along said land formerly owned by J. C. Hopper; thence westerly fifty (50) feet along south side of land formerly owned by said J. C. Hopper to the east line of Walsh street; thence southerly along the east line of Walsh street nine-ten (10) feet to right of way of Railroad; thence along the north line of said Railroad right of way ninety-one (90) feet to place of beginning. Containing three sq. ft. and known as lots Nos. 20 & 20 surveyed by N. T. Dill, July 24th, 1898.

Also—All that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3310. Commencing at a point in the east side of Welsh street one hundred and ninety (190) feet south of the southeast corner of Bayard and Welsh streets; thence parallel to Bayard street south seventy degrees east fifty (S. 70 degrees E. 50 ft.) feet; thence parallel to Welsh street south twenty degrees east ten feet (S. 20 degrees E. 10 ft.) to other land of Elizabeth Woodson; thence south seventy degrees west along the lands of Elizabeth Woodson fifty (50) feet (S. 70 degrees W. 50 ft.) to the east line of Welsh street; thence north twenty degrees west along the east line or side of Welsh street ten feet (N. 20 degrees W. 10 ft.) to the place of beginning. Being the same property conveyed to Elizabeth Bedell by Elizabeth Woodson by deed dated Aug. 28th, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 109, page 193, etc.

The above described two pieces of land being improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elizabeth Bedell and John Bedell at the suit of Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.

C. E. Judd, plaintiff's attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situated in Wetmore Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Sub. 381, Warrant 3380, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on the north side of Sub. 381, sixty-seven rods and one and one half feet from the northeast corner of the said Subdivision; thence west eleven rods and six feet and seven inches to a post; thence south two degrees and fifty-four minutes west one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the centre of public road; thence north eighty-nine degrees and forty-five minutes east along the center of said public road eleven rods six feet and seven inches to a post in the center of said public road at a maple stump witness; thence north two degrees and fifty-four minutes east one hundred and thirty-six rods and thirteen feet to the place of beginning. Containing one acre. Being part of the same piece of land conveyed by N. P. Smith and wife to P. C. West, M. W. Moffitt, J. L. West and E. R. Britton by Deed dated July 5th, 1881, recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. 12, page 7, etc., and this conveyance is made subject to the exceptions and reservations in the last mentioned Deed contained, which is in the following words "excepting nevertheless and reserving hereto from to the parties of the first part their heirs and assigns all the oil and minerals contained therein, with the right of ingress, egress and regress to obtain said oil and minerals." And being part of the same piece of land conveyed by the grantees herein above named to Nathaniel Mayhew dec., the grantor hereof by Deed dated Oct. 1st, 1898.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Chas. L. Robinson, at the suit of Thos. Higgins.

E. L. Ryon, plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3310, and being lot No. 36 Hacker Street, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker street one hundred (100) feet northward of the north-west corner of Hacker and Elkston streets; thence by the west line of Hacker street thirty feet from the centre thereof north twenty (20) degrees west forty (40) feet; thence at a right angle south seventy (70) degrees degrees west one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence parallel to Hacker street south twenty (20) degrees east fifty (50) feet to the corner of land of J. A. Gerard; thence by the same north seventy (70) degrees degrees east one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Containing five thousand square feet more or less, being the same premises which Elizabeth D. Kane, by her Deed dated the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1901, sold to Patrick Kanavy, Jr., he by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house with six rooms, chicken coop and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Patrick Kanavy, Jr., at the suit of State Capital Saving and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

T. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 39 on plot of lands of the Parkside Land and Improvement Company, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a point situate at the southeast corner of Ash street and Elk avenue; thence east fifty (50) feet along the south line of Ash street; thence south at right angles one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post corner; thence west at right angles fifty (50) feet to the eastern border of Elk avenue; thence north along the eastern border of Elk avenue one hundred and fifty (150) feet to place of beginning. Containing seven thousand five hundred (7500) square feet of land, more or less. Reserving all petroleum, carbonetted hydrogen and other volatile and inflammable minerals and gases, but renouncing, waiving and releasing any and all right to enter, to explore, bore, mine, dig for, tank store of pipe the same by works or appliances upon the said premises. Being the same premises which Clara Campbell (single) by her deed dated the 24th day of September, A. D. 1901, sold to John Flickinger, mortgagor hereto, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, nine rooms, good cellar under whole house, plumbed for city water and gas, for stoves and lights, lot graded and shade trees set out, barn and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Flickinger at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of ground situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Being known as lot No. 1 of C. S. Whitney's lots on Corydon street as per map of F. M. Webster, November, 1880, said map being now on file in the Recorder's office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Volume 59 at page 380 and being lot No. 1—1 on map now on file in the City Engineer's office in the City of Bradford, Pa.

Improved and having thereon one one-story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Disney at the suit of City of Bradford.

T. F. Schoonmaker, plaintiff's attorney.

13.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post on the north line of said highway three-four (34) feet from the southwest corner of land deeded to John Degman by P. Ackley; thence southerly along the north line of said highway sixty-six (66) feet more or less to the southeast corner of lot owned by Spencer; thence at right angles and in a northerly direction along the east line of said Spencer lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet; thence at right angles easterly sixty-six (66) feet more or less to Ackley line's thence at right angles southerly along the west line of lands deed to Clara and Maud Ackley one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning; Being the same land deeded to Lucella R. Barr by Philo Ackley and Clarissa, his wife by deed dated the first day of July, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 105, page 99, &c. Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Bradley H. Barr, Administrator of Estate of Luella R. Barr, deceased, and Bradley H. Barr at the suit of James George.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Lafayette, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being Lot No. 18 as per C. S. Whitney's and Companies Map of Lewis Run, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, recorded in Recorder's office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book No. 87, at page 90. Also part of Lot No. 16 being so much of said Lot 16 as is included within an extension of the line as is included within an extension of the line between Lots 12 and 13 to within thirty-two feet (32 ft.) of the westerly line of Lot No. 17. A line running parallel to and 32 feet from the westerly line of Lot 12 the north line of Mullan to the S. E. corner of Lot 12 and the easterly line of Lot 12, said Lot 16 being recorded as shown in C. S. Whitney & Co.'s map of Lewis Run.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling house, one board barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. A. Foster at the suit of A. Anderson.

H. R. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

CHARLES E. MAYO, Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 15, 1903.

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